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JOSEPH ADDISON.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

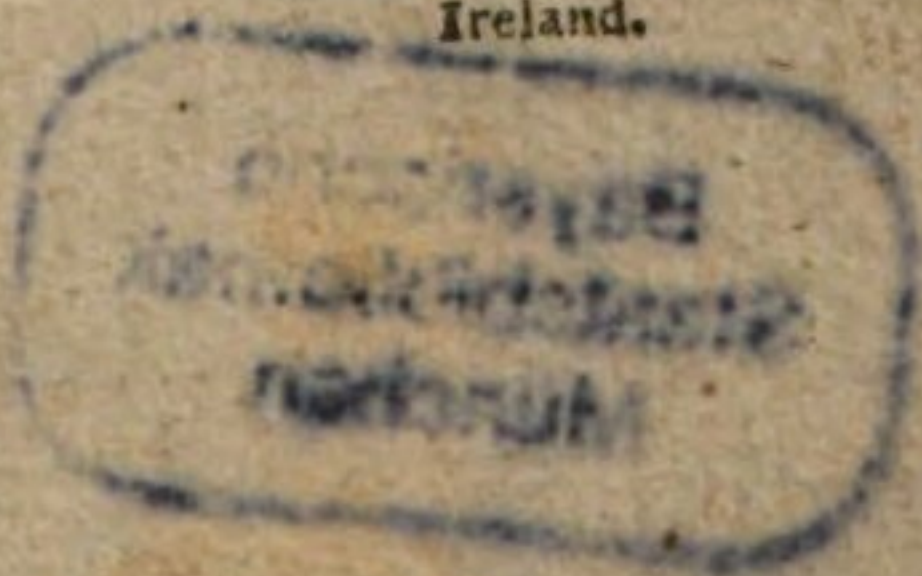
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No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong:
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needles seem the sweets of easy sound.
Accept, great Monarch of the British lays!
The tribute-song an humble subject pays:
So tries the artist's lark her early flight,
And soars to hail the God of Verse and Light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name. TICKELL.

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Mr. Andrew Johnson

JOSEPH ABBISON
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NEW YORK
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

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W. B. Richardson

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,
CAMPAIGN,	IMITATIONS,
PROLOGUES,	ODES,
POEMATATA,	HYMNS,

&c. &c. &c.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd Statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breath'd in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of good and just he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.

TICKELL.]

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON

CONTAINING HIS

ESSAYS
IN PROSE
AND
POETRY
IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

LONDON:
Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
1719.

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1719.

LIFE OF ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the most shining literary characters that ever graced the British nation, was the son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, rector of Milston, in the county of Wilts, where he was born on the first of May, 1672. When he arrived at a proper age he was put under the care of a neighbouring clergyman, and thence removed to the grammar school at Salisbury.

In 1683 his father was promoted to the deanery of Litchfield, where he of course took up his residence, and soon after put his son under the master of the school in that city.

From Litchfield he was removed to the Charterhouse, where he pursued his studies under Dr. Ellis, and contracted a friendship with Steele, which continued during life, and has been transmitted to posterity by their joint literary productions.

In 1687, the fifteenth year of his age, he left the Charterhouse, and became a student of Queen's College Oxford, where he applied himself so assiduously to classical learning, that, in 1689, he produced some Latin verses on the inauguration of King William and Queen Mary, written with such elegance and accuracy as not only entitled him to a claim of distinction, but gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, then fellow, afterwards provost, of Queen's College, by whose recommendation he was elected a student in Magdalen College.

Here he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1693, and continued the pursuit of his studies in poetry and criticism. Dr. Johnson observes, that in his Latin compositions he has not confined himself to the imitation of any ancient authors, but he has formed his style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of

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of the productions of different ages happened to supply.

He seems to have been much attached to Latin poetry, as he collected a volume called the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, in which all his Latin pieces are inserted, and where his poem on the peace has the first place.—Tickell relates, that Boileau, an eminent French author and critic, to whom Addison presented this collection, from that time conceived “an opinion of the English genius for poetry;” upon which Johnson with his usual asperity remarks, that “nothing is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin, and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.”

This rigid critic further indulges his satiric vein, and follows the former remark with observing, that “three of Addison’s Latin poems are upon subjects on which perhaps he would not have ventured to have written in his own language.” These are, “The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes,” “The Barometer,” and “A Bowling Green.” “When the matter is low,” he says, “a scanty dead language, in which nothing is mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and, by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought and want of novelty, often from the reader, and often from himself.”

When he was in the twenty-second year of his age, he gave a specimen of his genius for English poetry, in a copy of verses addressed to Dryden, which procured him the approbation of the poetical judges of that age. Soon after he published a translation of the Fourth Georgic of Virgil upon Bees; after which, says Dryden, “my latter swarm is hardly worth hiving.” He also wrote the arguments prefixed to the several books of Dryden’s Virgil, and produced an Essay on the Georgics, by way of preface to the translation,

lation, but chose to conceal his name ; in consequence of which Dryden acknowledges the Essay on the Georgics to have come from a friend, whose name is not mentioned because he desired to have it concealed.

In 1694 Mr. Addison wrote " An account of the greatest English Poets," addressed to Henry Sacheverell, who, Johnson says, was then, if not a poet, a writer of verses. Sacheverell at that time professed revolution principles, and it is worthy of observation, that his conduct afterwards, which brought on his trial for reviling the revolution, and the measures resulting from principles of freedom, is the most remarkable incident in his life. A strict intimacy subsisted between Sacheverell and Addison, though few characters could be more different ; for Sacheverell, whose talents did not exceed mediocrity, was confident and assuming ; Addison, with the richest fund of merit, was diffident and modest. The former was the violent bigotted votary of arbitrary power ; the latter was the moderate friend of rational liberty. Sacheverell was drawn into notice by party prejudice ; Addison attained eminence by genius, learning, and virtue. The verses exhibit all the fondness of friendship, and it redounds to the honour of our author, that when he afterwards differed with his friend, he did not differ from himself, but strictly adhered to those principles which Sacheverell had deserted.

At the close of this poem he intimates a design he had formed of entering into holy orders, at the solicitation of his father and several members of the university ; but through the influence of Mr. Montague, chancellor of the exchequer, to whom about this time he was introduced by Congreve, he was diverted from his purpose. Johnson sarcastically observes, that " Addison, who was then learning the trade of a courtier, had subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and Dryden, in order to conciliate the esteem of that eminent statesman, who remonstrated with the
head

head of the college against his taking orders, and declared that however he might be represented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any other injury than by keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

In 1695 he addressed a poem to King William, with an introduction to Lord Keeper Somers. Johnson observes, upon this occasion, that "it was a kind of rhyming introduction, and that King William had no regard to elegance or literature; his study was only war; yet, at the same time, this monarch, by a choice of ministers, whose disposition was very different from his own, procured, without intention, a liberal patronage to poetry," and Addison obtained the sanction of the two illustrious statesmen of that day, Somers and Montague.

In 1697 he published his Latin poem on the peace of Ryfwick, to which was prefixed a dedication to his patron Montague. This production was generally admitted by the literati as the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*, and Johnson, who was never a sanguine eulogist, says, that "the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant."

As Addison had not yet made his appearance in the political world, in order that he might fill up his vacant time, and cultivate a mind so evidently comprehensive, his patrons, Somers and Montague, obtained from the king (in 1669) a pension of three hundred pounds a year, to enable him to travel. During the course of his peregrinations through France and Italy, he could not waste his time in frivolous pursuits; so that he not only collected a number of remarks and observations on the respective places through which he passed, but also composed his *Dialogues on Medals*, and, according to Tickell, wrote four acts of his *Tragedy of Cato*.

In 1701, he wrote an epistolary poem from Italy to his patron Montague, now created Lord Halifax, which Johnson acknowledges to have been justly considered

sidered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime of his poetical productions. It was translated by the Greek professor at Florence into Italian verse.

In 1702 he returned home, when the death of King William and the consequent change in administration put a period to his pension and his hopes. Swift informs us, that "he found it necessary to hasten home, being distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a travelling squire." But this sarcasm may be imputed to the difference of political opinion between these two great men, as well as that singular petulance which marks the character of the Dean.

Soon after his return, he published an account of his travels, which he dedicated to Lord Somers. In this work are many pertinent observations on foreign countries, and ingenious comparisons of the customs and manners of different states. Dr. Johnson remarks that the most amusing passage in this book is the account of the minute republic of San Marino. The elegance of the language and variation of the prose and verse, gain upon the reader; and the book became in time so much the favourite of the public, that, before it was reprinted, it rose to five times its original price.

For upwards of two years he remained at home, and as his friends were out of administration, he had no opportunity of exerting his abilities, or obtaining any reward for what he had done: however, as he had full leisure for the cultivation of his mind, it may be inferred, that such a genius would not suffer much time to be lost. But an opportunity soon offered for the revival of his literary fame. In the year 1740 Lord Treasurer Godolphin expressed his concern to Lord Halifax, that the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, which had spread triumph over the nation, had not been celebrated in verse in the manner it deserved; and desired his Lordship to propose it to some poet more adequate to the theme. Lord Halifax replied that he knew a person fully competent to the
b task,

task, but would not name him, because he had seen, with indignation, that there was no encouragement for genius, and that worthless men lived in pomp and luxury at the expence of the public, while persons of too much modesty, with great abilities, languished in obscurity. The treasurer informed his Lordship that whoever undertook the task should meet with ample recompence. Lord Halifax thereupon named Addison, but required that the treasurer should send to him himself. Accordingly Lord Godolphin sent the message by Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carlton, who communicated the business, and prevailed upon Addison to undertake the task. He showed the work to the Lord Treasurer when it was no farther advanced than the famous simile of the Angel; and such was his Lordship's approbation, that he immediately appointed the author to succeed Mr. Locke in the place of Commissioner of Appeals.*

In the following year our author attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was made under Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hodges. The Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded Sir Charles in the same year, continued him in that office, from the great regard he entertained for his personal and literary character.

At this time there prevailed a general taste for Italian operas, which induced many persons of distinction to importune Addison to try the effect of a musical drama in the English language, formed upon such a plan as to combine intellect with harmony. Accordingly, he undertook the task, and produced the opera of Rosamond, which was exhibited in 1707, but met with no success on the stage. Sir John Hawkins observes that the villany of Clayton's music preponderated against the elegance and humour of the poetry. The author, however, conscious that the piece merited a better fate,

* This poem, which he entitled "The Campaign," was addressed to the Duke of Marlborough. It contains a concise description of the military transactions in the year 1704, and a very minute account of the two great actions under the command of his Grace at Schellemburg and Bienenheim, and was executed with such consummate ability as commanded universal applause.

and trusting that the readers would do him more justice than the spectators had done, published it, with a dedication to the Duchess of Marlborough; a woman, as Dr. Johnson pronounces, and probably with some truth, without skill, or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature; from which that rigid censor infers that Addison's dedication was an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke.

Soon after his failure in his first dramatic attempt, our author assisted his friend Steele in a comedy called the "Tender Husband," to which he wrote a humorous prologue. Steele, with a liberality of mind equal to his wit and pleasantry, complimented him with a dedication, which may be considered as a just tribute of praise to the merit of the character to whom it was addressed.

In 1709, Addison went to Ireland as secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Her Majesty, Queen Anne, as a mark of peculiar favour, augmented his salary, as Keeper of the Records in that nation, to three hundred pounds a year.*

While Addison was in Ireland, Steele began to publish the Tatler, the first number of which appeared on the twelfth of April, 1709. He had not communicated his design to any of his friends; but Addison, (says Tickell) discovered the author from a remark on Virgil which he had communicated to him. Dr. Johnson very pertinently observes, upon the occasion, that "it is not easy for any man to write upon literature or com-

* Swift has recorded that when he was in office he made a law to himself never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends. "For," said he, "I may have an hundred friends, and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered." He also established a rule to himself, never to take, on any pretence whatever, more than the stated and customary fees of his office. A remarkable instance of this integrity was his refusal of a bank note of three hundred pounds, and afterwards of a diamond ring, from a major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to serve by his interest with Lord Sunderland, as appears in a letter from himself, preserved by Mr. Maty, in the Review for 1783, for which the public were originally indebted to Curle. mon

mon life, so as not to make himself known to those with whom he familiarly converses, and who are acquainted with his track of study, his favourite topics, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phrases." The discovery, however, led him to afford his friend further assistance, insomuch that, as the author of the *Tatler* liberally and gratefully expresses it, he fared by this means, like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid, and is undone by his auxiliary. On the change of the ministry he lost his employment, and found leisure to engage in the *Tatler* more frequently, which contributed considerably to advance its reputation. He did not distinguish his pieces by any signature, and it is thought that his name was kept secret, till the papers were collected into volumes.

Soon after the *Tatler* was laid down, Sir Richard Steele, in concert with Mr. Addison, formed the plan of the *Spectator*. The first number of this much esteemed work appeared March the first, 1711; and it was continued daily to December the eighth, 1712. Addison furnished a great part of the papers both gay and serious. His papers are distinguished by one of the letters in the name of the Muse CLIO. Dr. Johnson gives the following account of the nature and progress of this valuable work, which employed the pens of some of the first literary characters of that Augustan age.

He observes that "the *Spectator* comprises a series of essays, of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan than those of the *Tatler*, and published daily. Such an undertaking shewed the writers not to distrust their own copiousness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found in their progress many auxiliaries. To attempt a single paper was no terrifying labour: many pieces were offered, and many were received.

"Addison," the Dr. says, "had enough of the zeal of
party

party, but Steele had, at that time, almost nothing else! The Spectator, in one of the first papers, shewed the political tenets of its authors; but a resolution was soon taken of courting general approbation, by general topics, and subjects on which faction had produced no diversity of sentiments; such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with very few deviations.

“To teach” says our critic, “the minuter decencies and inferior duties of life; to regulate the practice of daily conversation; to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impose hourly vexation, is an undertaking worthy of the sublimest genius, and entitled to the approbation of every member of civilized society.*

“Before the Tatlers and Spectators,† if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to teach when to speak, or when to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but a judge of propriety was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles which tease the possessor though they do not wound him. For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers which we read not as study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the trea-

* This species of instruction was first attempted in Italy by *Casa* in his book of *Manners*, and *Castiglione* in his *Courtier*, two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance; and their usefulness to the age in which they were written, is sufficiently attested by the translations, which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

The same mode of conveying instruction was continued, if not advanced, by the French; among whom, *La Bruyere's* “*Manners of the Age*,” though, as *Boileau* remarks, it is written without connection, certainly deserves great praise for liveliness of description and justness of observation.

† The Tatler and Spectator will be published in the British Classics which form tracts of our Pocket Library.

time likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.*

“The Tatler and Spectator reduced, like *Casa* the Italian author, the unsettled practice of daily intercourse to propriety and politeness; and, like *La Bruyere*, the French author, exhibited the characters and manners of the age. But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise; for they super-added literature and criticism; and sometimes towered far above their predecessors, and taught, with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties, and the most sublime truths. All these topics were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, as well as illuminated with different changes of style and felicities of invention.”

It is recorded by Budgell, one of Addison's most intimate companions, that of all the characters, feigned or exhibited, in the Spectator, the favourite of our author was Sir Roger de Coverly; and therefore, when Steele had introduced him innocently picking up a girl in the temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come. Addison describes his knight, as having his imagination somewhat warped. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct seem not much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

* It has been suggested that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the restoration to divert the attention of the people from public discontent. The Tatler and Spectator had the same tendency; they were published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, were agitating the nation. To minds heated with political contest, they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly lose, while they continue to be among the first works by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of language.

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a tory, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a wealthy merchant and a whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced, when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinion.

Posterity must have a high idea of the taste and good sense of the British nation, when they are informed, that if the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore stated at twenty-one pounds, or three pounds ten shillings a day: this, at an halfpenny a paper, will give sixteen hundred and eighty for the daily number.

The next year, 1713, was, as Johnson expresses it, the grand climateric of Addison's reputation; as, in that year his tragedy of *Cato*, which he had planned and partly written during his travels, was finished and exhibited at Drury-Lane theatre with unparalleled success.*

As the whole nation was at that time violently agitated by faction, the favourable reception of this tragedy may, in some measure, be attributed to that cause: for the whigs, apprehensive that liberty was in danger from the machinations of the tories, applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned; and the tories echoed every peal of applause to shew that the satire was either unfelt or disregarded.†

Through the emulation of contending factions, *Cato* was performed thirty-five nights without intermission.

* Such were the doubts of the author, and such the agitations of his mind between hope and fear, that while he remained in the green room, he kept a person continually going backwards and forwards from the stage to the place where he was, to inform him how it succeeded; and till the whole was over, and the success confirmed, he never ventured to move.

† The story of Lord Bolingbroke, one of the champions of the tory party, is well known. He called Booth, who performed *Cato*, into his box, and presented him with fifty guineas for so ably defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator.

The prologue was written by Pope, and the epilogue by Garth.

When the tragedy was printed, Queen Anne signified an inclination of having it dedicated to her; but as the author had designed that compliment to another, [it was supposed the Duchess of Marlborough] he found himself obliged, (says Tickell) to send it into the world without any dedication. It was recommended by eight copies of verses, amongst which those of Steele, Hughes, Young, Jefferies, and Eusden deserve commendation. But as a composition, in which faction, rank, and literature, concurred in praising, could not possibly be supposed to be exempt from censure; it was attacked by an Oxonian as a party play, in a pamphlet entitled "Mr. Addison turned Tory." Dr. Sewell defended it in a pamphlet entitled "Observations on Cato."

But the most strenuous opponent of Addison in this undertaking was Dennis, who wrote a pamphlet and seven letters to shew that all the world were wrong in bestowing on it applause, or even approbation.—Many of his remarks were nugatory, and more of them captious; though some of his strictures have considerable weight. It is plain, however, that he was agitated by envy; for, as the intent of that play was to promote the whig interest of which Dennis was a zealous abettor, he could not therefore object to it from party principle. But the world was too stubborn for instruction; so that the animadversions of Dennis shewed his anger without effect, and Cato continued to be praised.*

In justice to the author, we observe, that neighbouring nations† bestowed no less applause upon this play

* Pope who at this time had an opportunity of courting the friendship of Addison, wrote a very severe, but humorous piece, entitled "A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis," a performance which tended more to ridicule the critic than refute the criticism, as it left the objections to the play in their full force; so that Addison, who saw in this instance the selfishness of Pope's friendship, declined answering Dennis's pamphlet.

† Voltaire has commended and censured the writings of Addison by turns, and with respect to Cato, he admires and censures it extravagantly. The principal characters he allows superior to any before brought upon the stage, but says that all the love scenes are absolutely insipid. The only reason that can be assigned for the poet's introducing them, was the prevalence of custom,

than our own. It was translated by Salvini, into Italian, and acted at Florence ; and by the Jesuits of St. Omers, into Latin, and played by their pupils. A tragedy was written on the same subject by Des Champs, a French poet, with a criticism on the English play ; but, according to Johnson, the translator and critic are now forgotten.

Soon after the appearance of Cato, another daily paper called "The Guardian" was published by Steele. To this Addison contributed his aid, but not so regularly as he had done to the Spectator. His papers in the Guardian are marked by a *band*.—Johnson thinks the character of Guardian was too narrow and too serious ; he says "it might probably admit both the duties and the decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment, and burlesque." He admits however, upon the whole, that it abounds with elegance and variety, and that the papers were in general pleasing and instructive, till Steele, fired with politics, rendered them subservient to the purposes of faction, and thereby perverted their main design.

About this time our author wrote a few papers called "The Whig Examiner," in answer to some essays in a tory paper, entitled "The Examiner," in which Swift had a principal concern. Of the Whig Examiner, which just appeared and then expired, Swift remarks with exultation that "it is now down among the dead men." Upon this Johnson very shrewdly observes, that the Dean might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not kill ; and acknowledges that, in the Whig Examiner, is exhibited all the force of humorous satire, and gives it as his decided opinion that every reader of every party, when personal malice is past, and those papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, they must wish for more of them to read ; for

and it must be acknowledged that his lovers are the most sensible, and address each other in the best language that is to be found in any love dialogue of the British Stage.

on

on no occasion, the Doctor declares, was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and in none did the superiority of his wit more evidently appear.

The year after the Guardian was published, the Spectator was revived. It passed through eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume. Addison produced more than a fourth part, and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of the Spectator, though it had not lessened his power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness, as the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series.*

When the House of Hanover came to the throne it was reasonable to expect that the zeal of Addison, in the promotion of the whig interest, would be suitably rewarded. On the death of Queen Anne, before the arrival of King George I. he was made Secretary to the Regency, and required by his office to send notice to Hanover of that event, and that the throne was vacant. On the arrival of the King it was proposed to make him Secretary of State, which he declined, and a second time accepted the office of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Sunderland. That nobleman was soon removed, and Addison was appointed one of the Lords of Trade. During the rebellion in 1715 he published a periodical work in support of the established government, entitled "The Freeholder." The work in argument had many equals, but in humour was singular and matchless. Dr. Johnson says, "that bigotry itself must be delighted with the character drawn of the Tory Foxhunter, introduced in one of the papers." The Freeholder was published twice a week, from December 1715, to June the sixteenth in 1716.

* The Spectator, from its recommencement, was published only three times week, and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison Tickell has ascribed twenty-three numbers; amongst these were introduced the *Essays on Wit*, those on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and the *Criticism on Milton*.

This year our author espoused the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship. He is said to have first known her Ladyship by becoming tutor to her son. "He formed," said Johnson, "the design of obtaining that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family."*—If report can be credited, he derived little happiness from his marriage, as in the estimation of his wife, the native lustre of exalted genius was inferior to the adventitious glare of a long line of dignified ancestry.

In 1717 Addison attained to the summit of his elevation, being appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State. From the offices he had previously filled, he might have been justly supposed fully competent to this employment; but it is universally confessed that he found himself unequal to the duties of his place. His natural timidity deprived him of the power of speaking in the House of Commons; and finding, at length, that public business was too much for him, he resigned his employment, and was gratified with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

From politics he returned to literature, and prosecuted a work he had begun, "On the Evidences of the Christian Religion;"† part of which was published after his death. He had designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms. He also projected the plan of a tragedy on the death of Socrates, but did not live to carry it into execution.

About this time appeared the comedy of "The Drummer," which is ascribed to Addison, on the testimony of Steele, who, after his death, declared him to be the author. The affirmation of Steele was doubted by many

* Johnson observes that "at last the Countess was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused, to whom the sultan is reported to pronounce "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave."

† This much admired production is introduced in the Sacred Classics, which also form a part of our Pocket Library.

of his contemporaries ; but that declaration, and the total silence of any other claimant, have since determined the public to assign it to Addison, and it was printed with his poetry. Johnson says, “ that Steele carried the Drummer to the playhouse, and afterwards to the press, and sold the copy for fifty guineas ; and observes, in confirmation of Steele’s declaration of Addison’s being the author, that the characters were such as Addison would have delineated, and the tendency such as Addison would have promoted.

Our author did not conclude his life in peaceful studies, but relapsed, when he was near his end, into political controversy, and wrote two pamphlets, entitled, “ The Old Whig,” in defence of the Peerage Bill.* This Bill gave an universal alarm to the nation, and many pamphlets were written against it with great spirit. Amongst others appeared a paper called “ The Plebeian,” written by Steele, and designed to expose the aristocratic tendency of the Bill, as a majority in the House of Lords so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible. This brought from the pen of Addison the “ Old Whig,” in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the Commons. Steele replied by a second “ Plebeian,” and confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Thus the controversy was carried on between two friends, at first without any knowledge of one another, but before it was ended it appears from several expressions that the “ Old Whig” was acquainted with his antagonist.†

The departure of this great and useful man from this transitory scene of existence, was now near at hand. In

* The scope of this Bill, proposed by the Earl of Sunderland in 1718-19, was to fix the number of Peers, and restrain the Crown from making any new Lords but upon the extinction of families. To this the Lords had no objection ; but the Commons were extremely averse, as it tended to the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity from an honour to which they naturally aspired. The Bill, therefore, was vehemently opposed, and particularly by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published.

† The Bill was negatived by a considerable majority. The Old Whig is not inserted in Addison’s works, nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his life.

addition to an asthma, under which he had long laboured, he was afflicted with a dropfy, and, finding these complicated symptoms increase, he abandoned all hopes of life.*

Dr. Young relates, that, in his last moments, he sent for his son-in-law, Lord Warwick; and when the young nobleman desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunction, told him, "I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die."

In Tickell's excellent elegy on his friend, are these lines:

"He taught us how to live, and, Oh! too high,
"The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

In which he alludes to this moving interview, as he told Dr. Young to whom he related it.

Having given directions to his friend Tickell concerning the publications of his works, and dedicated them to his friend and successor, Mr. Secretary Craggs, he departed this life on the seventeenth of June, 1719, at Holland House, near Kensington, in the forty seventh year of his age, leaving one only child, a daughter.

The character of Addison is best known from the concurring testimony of his writings, and the estimation in which he was held throughout the whole circle of those with whom he conversed and lived in long habits of the most intimate friendship. Amongst those were many of the most eminent literary characters of his day, who, in general, declared he was the most communicative, entertaining, and delightful companion they ever knew.

"Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
"And born to write, converse, and live with ease."

His moral character was free from the imputation of a stain, and he was one of the few great men whose

* Pope relates that, a short time before his death, he sent a message to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview was solicited was then discovered: Addison told him that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was, he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know; but supposed, that some preferment designed for him, had, by the intervention of Addison, been withheld.

good qualities were generally allowed. His attachment to party never rendered him blind to the merits of his opponents. When he was Secretary in Ireland, he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift, though the most formidable anti-ministerialist in that kingdom. Indeed his merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds, that if he had proposed himself for king, he would hardly have been refused.

With respect to his habits and external manners, he seems to have been reserved amongst strangers ; for Steele mentions, with great tenderness, “ that remarkable bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit,” and tells us, that “ his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties that are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.” Lord Chesterfield affirms, that “ Addison was the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw,” and Addison, speaking of his own occasional deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself, that, with respect to intellectual wealth, “ he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.”

Dr. Johnson admits, that he was oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, as many testimonies concur to prove, but by no means approves of Chesterfield’s representation ; remarking, very liberally, that “ a man cannot be supposed very inexpert in the art of conversation, and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, became Secretary of State ; who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.”

But though he was timid and reserved in some instances, “ he was,” says Steele, “ above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him, a part from all the world, that I had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Carullus.”

Carullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed. This declaration is the effect of a warm attachment on the part of a friend. Johnson therefore adduces the opinion of a rival. "Addison's conversation," says Pope, "has something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar; before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

As no human character ever attained to perfection, so that of Addison was not without its blemishes; for it appears, from the testimony of several of his contemporaries, that he was much affected by the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation, nor is it without strong reason suspected that by some disingenuous act, he endeavoured to obstruct it. It is said that, with his friend Steele to echo him, he used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them. Johnson remarks, on this imputation, with great justice, that, "his own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence," and adds, that "the abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem, to the surface of affectation."

He had a happy faculty of communicating his sentiments. "This," says Steele, "was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated."

Pope, who, as a rival, must be less suspected of favouring his memory, declares "that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many
of

of his Spectators were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage, not to have time for much revival.—He would altar," says Pope, "any thing to please his friends before publication; but would not retouch his pieces afterwards."

Before his marriage he passed his leisure hours in familiar converse with his friends. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Phillips, Casely, and Davenant. He studied all the morning; then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to a coffee-house at Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern; where he often sat late, and, according to Dr. Johnson's report, drank too much wine; upon which that rigid censor remarks, that, "in the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence." Among these friends however it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may reasonably be supposed such as Pope represents them.

The character of Addison, both moral and intellectual, cannot be more forcibly displayed than in the words of Dr. Johnson.—"It appears," says that biographer, "from his various pictures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it." There are, according to Steele, in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age. His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation, and he detected follies rather than crimes.

If any judgment be made from his books of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence,

excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will shew that to write and live are very different. Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's profession and practice were at no great variance, since amidst the storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies: of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem, but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of religion and virtue. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and, in every instance, rendered it subservient to the cause of reason and truth. He has dissipated the prejudices, that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. "This," says Dr. Johnson, with peculiar emphasis, "is an elevation of literary character, above all Greek, above all Roman fame"—and concludes a very elegant description of the character of our author, both moral and intellectual, with the following excellent remark. "No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness.*"

The writings of Addison are chiefly poetical, critical, and moral. According to the account of Dr. Johnson, he was considered in his life, and for some time afterwards, by the greater part of his readers, as supremely

excelling in poetry and criticism. But this is not admitted by the literati in general; for many conceived that part of his reputation may be probably ascribed to the advancement of his rank and fortune, and that, as Swift observes, when he became a statesman, and saw poets waiting at his levee, it is no wonder that praise was accumulated upon him. Much likewise may be more honourably ascribed to his personal character. He who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel. But time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame, and Addison is to pass through futurity protected only by his genius. Every name which kindness or interest once raised too high, is in danger, lest the next age should, by the vengeance of criticism, sink it in the same proportion.

Dr. Johnson's opinion is, "that his poetry has not often those felicities of diction which give lustre to sentiment, or that vigour of sentiment which animates diction: there is very little of ardour, vehemence, or transport: there is very rarely the awfulness of grandeur, and not very often the splendour of elegance. But he thinks justly; this is his general character, and if he seldom reaches a supreme excellence, he rarely sinks into insipidity, and is more rarely entangled in absurdity. He did not trust his own powers so as to be negligent. There is in most of his compositions a calmness and equability, deliberate and cautious, some times with little that delights, but seldom with any thing that offends."—Thus speaks this great critic, who is seldom very lavish, in his encomiums on literary productions; others, more candid and liberal, entertain a higher opinion of the poetical genius of our author, and it is generally agreed that his verses convey sound philosophy and just morality, and that, if they are not in general very picturesque, animated, and impassioned, yet there are many passages which evince real poetical genius.

The Tragedy of Cato is confessedly the noblest production

duction of Addison's genius. Johnson very justly observes, "that of a work so much read, it is difficult to say any thing new. About things in which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has not been unjustly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue, than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care: we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering, we wish only to know what they have to say. Cato is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest neither gods nor men can have much attention, for there is not one amongst them, that strongly attracts either affection or esteem." But, as the greatest encomiums our critic could bestow, he concludes his comment with observing "that this tragedy is made the vehicle of such sentiments and such expressions, that there is scarcely a scene in it, which the reader does not wish to impress on his memory."

When this tragedy was shewn to Pope, he advised the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition, supposing that it would be read more favorably than heard. Addison declared himself of the same opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the stage. The emulation of parties made it successful beyond expectation, and Johnson observes, "that its success has introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy."

The universality of applause, however it might quell the censure of the less rigid critics, had no other effect than to harden Dennis, the avowed enemy of Addison, in fixed dislike; but that dislike, in the opinion of some competent judges, was not merely capricious, as

Dennis

Dennis found and shewed many faults; he shewed them indeed with anger, but he found them with acuteness, such as ought to rescue his criticism from oblivion; though at last it will have no other life than it derives from the work which it endeavours to suppress. The censure of Dennis is poignant, and carries with it personal animosity. Johnson briefly remarks upon it, "that there is, as Dryden expresses it, perhaps 'too much horse-play in his raillery;' but if his jests are coarse, his arguments are strong: yet, as we love better to be pleased than to be taught, Cato is read, and the critique is neglected."

The opera of Rosamond is one of the most pleasing of his poetical performances; the subject is chosen with judgment; the fable is agreeable and interesting; the thoughts are just, and generally lively; the imagery beautiful; and the versification easy and harmonious. The dialogue seems better than the songs. The whole drama is airy and elegant, engaging in its process, and pleasing in its conclusion.

The letter written by our author in Italy to Lord Halifax, possesses great merit; to exquisite beauty and harmony is added a happy mixture of the descriptive and sublime. It is more correct, with less appearance of labour, and more elegant with less introduction of ornament than the generality of his poems. Its chief excellence is the Address to Liberty, which is forcible without exaggeration, and animated without extravagance.

The Campaign, a poem, written to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, is termed by Dr. Warton "A Gazette in Rhyme;" but Johnson does not admit of so severe a censure, and observes, "that many writers tried their powers at that time upon the same subject; yet Addison's is confessedly the best performance; for the superiority which he confers upon his hero is not personal prowess, but deliberate intrepidity; a calm command of his passions, and the power of consulting his own mind in the midst of danger."

His

His Latin verses display much classical taste, the numbers of which are smooth and harmonious, the style pure and elegant, and the composition studied and correct. His translations have little that can require or employ criticism; but they are generally allowed to be for the most part smooth and easy, and what is the first excellence of a translator, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not understand the originals.

Of his smaller poems no particular mention is necessary; his verses to Dryden, to Sacheverell, to Somers, and to the King; if they do not charm, cannot offend the reader. His Ode on St. Cecilia has been imitated by Pope, and possesses some degree of Dryden's vigour. His hymns are easy, elegant, and harmonious: his verses to Kneller have considerable merit, they evince great knowledge in mythology, and much judgment in its application. Lord Orford calls them the most beautiful of Addison's poetical works.—Upon the whole, Dr. Johnson observes that “his poetry is polished and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. He was, however, one of our earliest examples of correctness.”

The literati differ in their opinion with respect to Addison's merit as a critic. His criticisms are condemned by some as rather experimental than scientific, and he is considered as deciding by taste rather than by principles. But Dr. Johnson observes that “regard must be had to the time in which he wrote. The general knowledge which now circulates in common conversation was, in his time, rarely to be found. Men not professing learning, were not ashamed of ignorance, and in the female world any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured, as knowledge was not at that time so generally pursued as in the present day; his purpose therefore was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy, to which end he wisely adapted an

an alluring mode of conveying information, which being accessible and familiar, had a much better effect than that which is lofty, pedantic and austere. When he shewed them their defects, he shewed them likewise that they might be easily supplied. His attempt succeeded, inquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. It appears, therefore, from the effect produced, that an instructor like Addison was then wanting, whose remarks being plain and simple, might be easily understood, and being just, might prepare the mind for more exalted attainments" and it is with the utmost propriety remarked by Dr. Johnson, that "if he had in his criticism on *Paradise Lost* presented that poem to the public with all the pomp of system and severity of science, he would perhaps have been admired by the literati, but the book would have been neglected; whereas, by the blandishments of gentleness and facility, he has made Milton an universal favourite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be acquainted." So that defective as our author has been thought by some great men in the philosophy of his criticisms, we may vouch from unquestionable authority, that by his critique on *Paradise Lost*, his remarks on *Ovid*, his essays on Wit and on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, he contributed in an eminent degree to diffuse good taste in the nation, and to promote the cause of polite literature.

In the most useful line of writing, as a describer of life and manners, Addison is generally allowed to excel. Steele says, "his humour is peculiar to himself, and so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes, and daily occurrences. He never outsteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent, yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination." To

To add to this just euloguim on the writings of our author, we shall introduce, by way of conclusion, the testimony of Dr. Johnson; as a tribute due to the merit of so great and good a man.

“As a teacher of wisdom,” says the doctor, “he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impractically rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the author of his being. Truth is shewn sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

“His prose is the model of the middle style: on grave subjects, not formal; on light occasions, not groveling; pure, without scrupulosity; and exact, without apparent elaboration: always equable, and always easy; without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace---he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations: his page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

“It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet, if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost some of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic: he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.” And as the greatest proof that can be

be given of the high opinions this judicious and classical critic entertained of the writings of Addison, he sums up his comment with these words.

“Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse; and elegant, but not ostentations; must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.”



TO THE RIGHT HON.
THE EARL OF WARWICK.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge! my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires! 5
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave! 10
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did then the slow solemn knell inspire, 15
The pealing organ and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed Friend! 20
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan, 25
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken and untun'd my tongue, 30
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchastis'd by thee.

Off' let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show 35
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood; 40
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;
 And saints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
 Nor to the bowers of bliss was e'er convey'd 45
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assigned,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
 A winged Virtue, thro' th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly? 50
 Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow 55
 In hymns of love not ill essay'd below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
 Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend; 60
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
 Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before, 65
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye Heav'n's decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or rous'd by fancy meets my waking eyes. 70
 If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight,
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
 If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove, 75
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:

'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There, patient, show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid cenfor, and a friend severe; 80
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears, 85
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears:
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air:
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze! 90
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
'Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd, 95
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn. 100
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in the unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd, 106
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give nor thou to claim:
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies. 110
Bless'd pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues; each others' boast! farewell;
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide. 114

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

HOW long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee:
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling thro' the woods.

O! may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
Then may we, wond'ring, read how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and diff'rent natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.

June 2, 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST
ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL.*

April 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possess,
That, down from Chaucer's day's to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,
Without more preface, writ in formal length, 5
To speak the undertaker's want of strength.

I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine, 10
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain, 15
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd 20
Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow, 25
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights:
But when we look too near the shades decay, 30
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less: 35

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;
 As in the Milky-way a shining white
 O'erflows the heavens with one continued light,
 That not a single star can shew his rays, 40
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 Pardon, great Poet! that I dare to name
 Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
 Thy fault is only wit in its excess;
 But wit like thine in any shape will please. 45
 What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
 And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
 Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
 And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
 Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, 50
 And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a no-
 bler flight.

Bless'd man! whose spotless life and charming lays
 Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
 Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever known
 In Sprat's successful labours and thy own. 55

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
 Unfetter'd in majestic numbers, walks:
 No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
 Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
 See! see! he upward springs, and, tow'ring high, 60
 Spurns the dull province of mortality;
 Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
 And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms!
 Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
 Whilst ev'ry verse array'd in Majesty, 65
 Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
 And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
 How are you struck with terror and delight,
 When angel with archangel copes in fight!
 When great Messiah's outspread banner shines, 70
 How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
 What sound of brazen wheels, with thunder, scare
 And stun the reader with the din of war!

With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
 To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire; 75
 But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
 And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
 What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
 A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
 Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen, *See Philips* 80
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
 His other works might have deserv'd applause;
 But now the language can't support the cause;
 While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight. 85

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smoothe thy verse;
 The courtly Waller next commands thy lays;
 Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise,
 While tender airs and lovely dames inspire 90
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
 So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
 And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
 Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong; 95
 Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
 And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
 Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
 But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
 How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page, 100
 And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
 What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
 And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
 Or if Maria's* charms thou wouldst rehearse
 In smother numbers and a softer verse, 105
 Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
 And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
 That makes e'en rules a noble poetry;
 Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
 The best of critics and of poets too. 111

Queen Mary.

Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years! 115

Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.

Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.

If satire or heroic strains she writes, 120

Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.

From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;

She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

How might we fear our English poetry,

That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee, 125

Did not the Muses' other hope appear,

Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:

Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store

Has given already much, and promis'd more:

Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive, 130

And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,

But justice still demands one labour more:

The noble Montague remains unnam'd,

For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd: 135

To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,

In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.

How negligently graceful he unreins

His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!

How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines, 140

And all the hero in full glory shines!

We see his army set in just array,

And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.

Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,

Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood, 145

Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,

Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their

But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd, [streams:

He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive

The last poor present that my Muse can give. 151

I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them that practise 'em with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
 And so at once, dear Friend and Muse! farewell. 155

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
 Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
 If yet your time and actions are your own,
 Receive the present of a Muse unknown;
 A Muse that in advent'rous numbers sings 5
 The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
 Britain advanc'd and Europe's peace restor'd,
 By Somers' counsels and by Nassau's sword.
 To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
 Who help'd to raise the subject of my song; 10
 To you the hero of my verse reveals
 His great designs, to you in council tells
 His inmost thoughts determining the doom
 Of towns unstorm'd and battles yet to come.
 And well could you, in your immortal strains, 15
 Describe his conduct and reward his pains;
 But since the state has all your cares engross'd,
 And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
 Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
 Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights. 20
 On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
 And from your judgment must expect my fate,
 Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
 Degrading envy or misguided love.
 If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays, 25
 Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise
 For next to what you write is what you praise. 27

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the bus'ness of the field is o'er,
 The trumpets sleep and cannons cease to roar,
 When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle laid;
 Attend, auspicious Prince; and let the Muse
 In humble accents milder thoughts infuse. 5

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
 Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
 My Muse, expecting, on the British strand
 Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land: 10
 She oft' has seen thee pressing on the foe,
 When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow,
 But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
 The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
 She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore, 15
 And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
 She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
 To trace her hero thro' the dusty plain;
 When thro' the thick embattled lines he broke,
 Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse, 21
 In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!
 Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
 Innur'd to noonday sweats and midnight cares!
 But still the Godlike man, by some hard fate, 25
 Receives the glory of his toils too late;
 Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds;
 One age the hero, one the poet, breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran
 Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man 30
 Who, driv'n by stress of Fate, such dangers bore
 On stormy seas and a disastrous shore,
 Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
 And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce 35
 Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
 Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust;
 And laid the labour of the gods in dust,

Before the tow'ring Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight, 40
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage, 45
And with his battles warm a future age.

Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung when it has ceas'd to flow ;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name. 50

Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Naffaus was by Heav'n design'd 55
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour kingdoms rise or fall. 60

Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow ;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight 65

Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their father's triumphs o'er again ;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood, 70

With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall,
In vain the thronging enemy by force

Would clear the ramparts and repel their course ;
They break thro' all, for William leads the way 75
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.

Namur's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do: 80

Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
 Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky, 80
 An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
 And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
 His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
 Promote the common welfare of mankind;
 No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears 85
 The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears;
 Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
 And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
 His conquests freedom to the world afford,
 And nations bless the labours of his sword. 90

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
 A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
 She sets a man triumphant in the field,
 O'er giants cloven down and monsters kill'd,
 Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat, 95
 Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
 And strikes a terror thro' the haughty east;
 Algiers and Tunis, from their sultry shore,
 With horror hear the British engines roar; 100
 Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
 And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
 The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
 Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
 Nor dare again the British strength engage; 105
 Still they remember that destructive rage
 Which lately made their trembling host retire,
 Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
 The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
 And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's num'rous fleet, that perish'd on our coast, 111
 Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
 The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
 And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where'er the waves in restless errors roll, 115
 The sea lies open now to either pole;
 Now may we safely use the nothern gales,
 And in the Polar Circle spread our sails:

Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
 New lands explore, and sail by other stars ; 120
 Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
 And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud Prince! ambitious Louis, cease
 To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace ;
 Think on the structures which thy pride has raz'd, 125
 On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste ;
 Think on the heaps of corps and streams of blood,
 On ev'ry guilty plain and purple flood
 Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
 Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care : 130

Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
 Behold the great avenger of mankind !
 See mighty Nassau thro' the battle ride,
 And see thy subjects gasping by his side !
 Fain would the pious Prince refuse th' alarm, 135
 Fain would he check the fury of his arm ;
 But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
 The hero kindles with becoming rage,
 Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
 Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword. 140
 Behold with what resistless force he falls

On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls !
 Ask Villeroy (for Villeroy beheld
 The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd,)
 With what amazing strength the forts were won, 145
 Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.

But stop not here : behold where Berkeley stands,
 And executes his injur'd King's commands ;
 Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
 On flaming citadels and falling towers ; 150
 With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
 And hurl destruction round 'em where they break ;
 The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
 And all the sea reflects a quivering light,

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke, 155
 Fills heav'n with ashes and the earth with smoke ;
 Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
 Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly ;

Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust. 160
Now does the sailor from the neighb'ring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie,
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows 165
His wondring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood
Here Russel's actions should my Muse require,
And would my strength but second my desire, 170
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire 175
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on ev'ry shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea? 180
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse?
Ormond! the theme of ev'ry Oxford Muse.
Fain would I his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Thro' all the noise and hurry of the fight 185
Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.
Oh! did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France. 190
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood?
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In Williams's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow, 195
And blast the counsels of the common foe,
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's * loss more light?

* Queen Mary, who died.

But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
 Maria's name still wounds each British ear; 200
 Each British heart Maria still does wound,
 And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
 Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
 Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear! 205
 Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
 The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
 And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
 Come, mighty Prince! desir'd of Britain! come;
 May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home! 210
 Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
 Which such confusion and amazement struck
 Thro' Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
 Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
 Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found, 215
 But for awhile forget the trumpet's sound;
 Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
 Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
 For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
 You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight, 220
 Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
 And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
 So, crown'd with laurels, now, where'er you go, 123
 Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings flow.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with silence and surprise
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,
 A godlike form, by thee display'd
 In all the force of light and shade,
 And, aw'd by thy delusive hand, 5
 As in the Presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth,
 His secret soul and hidden worth,
 His probity and mildness shows,
 His care of friends and scorn of foes. 10

In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Thro' all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nations shall survey
Their sov'reign thro' his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and ev'ry voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial sun
Has, daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With Nature in a gen'rous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies thro' the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Tho' Heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)

The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd,

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn, too, with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;

And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantinè armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose

Her twisted threads: the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen

Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
Her short liv'd darling son to mourn:
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills, ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George or carv'd a Jove?

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

With the Tragedy of Cato, Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,

On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
 By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
 And all the glories that our age adorn
 Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

5

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
 A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
 But boast her royal progeny's increase,
 And count the pledges of her future peace.

10

O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
 While you, fair Princess! in your offspring smile,
 Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
 Each heav'nly daughters triumph we presage,
 Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
 And pity monarchs doom'd to fight in vain.

15

Thou, too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom Albion, op'ning wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air

20

Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.

O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!

For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race,
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some Carolina, to heav'n's dictates true,

25

Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

30

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring stains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd;

To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
 And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
 And filial love, bid impious discord cease,
 And sooth the madding factions into peace;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,

35

And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
 Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
 And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

40

Mean-while, bright Princess! who with graceful ease
 And native majesty art form'd to please,

majesty

usqueque

Behold those arts with a propitious eye
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly ;
 Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
 Improve her manners and refine her age,
 More noble characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd heroines from you. 50

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
 Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse :
 The deathless Muse with undiminish'd rays
 Thro' distant time the lovely dame conveys.
 To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung ; 55
 The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
 Ev'n all those graces in your frame combin'd !
 The common fate of mortal charms may find,
 (Content our short liv'd praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age) 60
 Unless some poet in a lasting song
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see your beauty with their father's eyes. 64

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA ! whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,
 In choirs of warbling seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest.
 Attend, harmonious Saint ! and see 5
 Thy vocal sons of Harmony ;
 Attend, harmonious Saint ! and hear our pray'rs ;
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee :
 Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue : 10
 Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
 Employ the echo in her name.
 Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,

At bright Cecilia's name, their lays ;
 The organ labours in her praise.
 Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace ;
 From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly ;
 In soaring trebles now it rises high,
 And now it sinks, and dwells upon the bass. 20
 Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we sing,
 The work of every skilful tongue,
 The sound of every trembling string,
 The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day 25
 To Music and Cecilia ;
 Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
 And all of heaven we have below.
 Music can noble hints impart,
 Engender fury, kindle love, 30
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,
 And manage all the man with secret art.
 When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre
 The streams stand still, the stones admire ;
 The list'ning savages advance, 35
 The Wolf and lamb around him trip,
 The bears in awkward measures leap,
 And tigers mingle in the dance :
 The moving woods attended as he play'd,
 And Rhodope was left without a shade. 40

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
 It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue, 45
 And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
 Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
 Give force to every word, and recommend our pray'rs.
 When time itself shall be no more,
 And all things in confusion hurl'd, 50
 Music shall then exert its pow'r
 And sound survive the ruins of the world ;

Then saints and angels shall agree
 In one eternal jubilee;
 All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine, 55
 And God himself with pleasure see
 The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
 To Music and Cecilia:
 Let no rough winds approach, nor dare 60
 Invade the hallow'd bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds:
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue, 65
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the bless'd above
 In joy, and harmony, and love. 69

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

-----Rheni pacator et Istri.
 Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
 Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stillic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo bella
 gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis
 hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod
 toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, poten-
 tissima sint.

Liv. Hist. lib. xxxiii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name;
 While emperors to you commit their cause,
 And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
 Accept, great Leader! what the Muse recites, 5
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
 Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
 Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
 Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
 And wars and conquests fill th' important year; 10

Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd, 15
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themselves with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd; 20
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear; 25
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and, half-abandon'd to despair,
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies, 30
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the Continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high, 35
And flourishing so near her prince's eye:
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd Faith, and Friendship's holy ties: 40
Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost, 45
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won, 50

Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream! had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjurd Gaul:
But now a purchase to the sword she lies, 55
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts 60
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought; 65
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow: 70
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat, 75
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold, 80
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way 85
Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats. 90

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
 (Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge, whilst anger and disdain
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far, 95
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview. 100

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field, 105
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd, 110
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown:
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heav'n dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms, 115
 Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
 Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
 Eager for glory, and require the fight. 120
 So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious tract unrav'ling by degrees;
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away 125
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
 Th' immortal Schellemburg appears at last;
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie; 130

Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction ; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight. 136

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day ;
Ev'ning approach'd ; but, oh ! what host of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close ! 140
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way :
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste ;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke 145
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage ;
The battle, kindled into ten-fold rage, 150
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire ;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom, 155
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom !
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame ! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great !) 160
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse ! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear ;
While Malb'rough lives Britannia's stars dispense 165
A friendly light, and shine in innocence :
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight. 170

Forbear, great Man ! renown'd in arms ! forbear
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
 Britannia's safety and the world's repose ;
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate

175

This scorn of danger and contempt of fate :
 Thou liv'st not for thyself : thy Queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

180

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
 By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.

The war breaks in ; the fierce Bavarians yield,
 And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
 So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
 The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides ;
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,

185

Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,
 The trembling peasant sees his country round,
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

190

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
 And Malbrough's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
 Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

195

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
 The gay victorious army bends its course.
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
 (The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
 The food of armies and support of wars ;
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,
 And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

200

205

Deluded Prince ! how is thy greatness cross'd,
 And all the gaudy dream of Empire lost,
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
 And made imaginary realms thy own !

210

Thy troops that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine.
Nor find it there : surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms ;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance, 215
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind, 220
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare 225
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land ;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns. 230
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat ;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake :
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands, 235
Loath to obey his leader's just commands ;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war, 240
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl'd their gilded lillies in the wind ;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews, 245
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain: 250

States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
 Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd, 255
 And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
 'The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
 His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
 The long-extended squadrons shape their way! 260
 Death in approaching terrible imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
 No vulgar fears can British minds control; 265
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
 Tho' fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass, 270
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound 275
 The victors shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise!
 'Twas then great Malb'rough's mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd, 280
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage, 285
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast, 290

And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see! the haughty Household-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
The war's whole art each private soldier knows, 295
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows:
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.

Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave; 300
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns!
Each fights as in his arm th' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim 305
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

O Dornier! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate! 310
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run, 315
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd. 320
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides.
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, 325
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight:
His waving banner, that so oft' had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood, 330

So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name 335
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd!
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground, 340
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
 An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous wee,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
 Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear; 345
 Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of War;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won;
 The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
 Only the second honours of the day. 350

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
 The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains 355
 In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
 Ev'n those who scape the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging king dishonours to complete
 Marlborough's great work and finish the defeat. 360

From Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's
 The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls; [walls,
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
 Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits, 365
 And longs to open her obsequious gates,

The hero's breast still swells with great designs;
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide Continent his march extends; 370

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of Europe turns on its event.

What distant land, what region can afford
 An action worthy his victorious sword?
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
 To make the series of his toils complete?

375

Where the swollen Rhine, rushing with all its force,
 Divides the hostile nations in its course;
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide-extended plain commands;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
 As oft whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
 And, tho' the Dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
 Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
 The change of seasons and increase of heats:
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

380

385

390

395

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land,
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies:
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of Malb'rough's sword and Hockstet's fatal plain.
 In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

400

405

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,

410

Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne.
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man:
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd, 415
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
 And Nireus shone but in the second place; 420
 Thus the great father of almighty Rome
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
 That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd 426
 On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
 And learns to conquer in the hero's fight. 430

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
 To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
 And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes, 435
 And bless'd by rescu'd nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms
 And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While Marlborough presses to the bold attack, 440
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.

Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway, 445

And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd
 The works of ages sunk in one Campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain. 450

Such the effects of Anna's royal cares :
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind :
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free, 455
And taste the sweets of English liberty :
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
Whilst indiffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like Heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all, 460
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest'd.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail, 465
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise ; 470
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze :
Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light,
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most. 476



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft seasons and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground:
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods,
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,

That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still. 55

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's mighty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thirsty urns and an unfruitful source; 40
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd, 45
 And unobserved in wild meanders play'd;
 Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse. 50

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile, 55
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air,
 Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents: 60
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside, 65
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive, 70
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its public shows unpeopled Rome, 75
 And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb;
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid: 80
 While rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow,
 And wondering at their height, through airy channels
 Still to new scenes my wandering muse retires,
 And the dumb shew of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown, 85
 And softened into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown; 90
 While the bright dames to whom they humbly sued,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
 Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light 95
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow,
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost: 100
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my muse.
 How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land, 105
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature and the charms of art, 110
 While proud oppression in her valley reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

COOKE'S

POETS.



ADDISON.

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's Isle,
And makes her barren rocks, & her black mountains smile.
Vide Letter from Italy. line 139.

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines, 115
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
 Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight! 120
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay, 125
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
 How has she oft' exhausted all her stores,
 How oft' in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought. 130
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
 We envy not the warmer clime that lies 135
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
 'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, [smile.
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight, 141
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live;
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate, 145
 And hold in balance each contending state;
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms; 150
 Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
 And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite 155
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name which I so oft' have found
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound, 160
 I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
 That longs to lanch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song:
 My humble verse demands a softer theme, 165
 A painted meadow or a purling stream;
 Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays, 167
 And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
 That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 Combat in trills and in a fugue expire;
 While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit, 5
 Calm and serene you indolently sit,
 And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
 Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
 And Shakespeare to the soft Scarletti yield. 10

To your new taste the poet of this day
 Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.
 Had Valentini, musically coy,
 Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
 It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen 15
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
 How would it please should she in English speak,
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?

* A Tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

But he, a stranger to your modish way,
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command
 To bear, for once, with what you understand. 22

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
 When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
 The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
 A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
 No single character had e'er been shown, 5
 But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
 Rich in originals, they set to view,
 In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
 Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host! 10
 Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
 Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux:
 Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
 Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear;
 And punks of diff'rent characters we meet 15
 As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
 Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
 And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
 Long 'ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town, and beat about the park; 20
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft' dog him to the ring, and oft' to court,
 As love of pleasure or of place invites,
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age 25
 Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
 That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
 And won't be blockheads in the common road.
 Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
 —Here's still encouragement for those that write. 30

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Our author to divert his friends to-day,
 Stocks with variety of fools his play,
 And that there may be something gay and new,
 Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
 The first a damsel travell'd in romance; 35
 The other more refin'd, she comes from France;
 Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
 And kindly treat, like well bred men, the stranger. 38

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
 Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow;
 While list'ning forests cover'd as he play'd
 The soft musician in a moving shade.
 That this night's strains the same success may find, 5
 The force of music is to music join'd;
 Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
 The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
 Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
 On barren mountains, or a waste of sand; 10
 The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
 The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
 The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
 Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
 A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow, 15
 And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
 But as our two magicians try their skill,
 The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
 While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
 Shifting the prospect to a thousand views. 20
 Thus (without unity of place transgress)
 Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
 But howsoe'er, to please your wandering eyes,
 Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise:
 There's none can make amends for lost delight,
 While from that circle we divert our sight. 26

* A dramatic Poem, written by the Lord Lansdown.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARI PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est, cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt, quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios infector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ

Cultor devotissimus,

E 3

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX, GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virûm, strepitus-
que tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor ; aspice, Cæsar,

Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ

Munera deducunt : generosæ a pectore flammæ,

Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli

Tristia diffugiant : O tandem absiste triumphis

Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numerofo milite campi

Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu ;

Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro

Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris

Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans

Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.

Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit

Expectata leges, jam propugnacula rident

Vere novo ; infuetos mirabitur incola culmos,

Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo

Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis

Oppida, et everfos flammaram turbine muros !

Ut trepidos rerum annales, tristemque laborum

Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Semirutas, turres, et adhuc polluta cruore

Flumina, famulosque Ormondi volvere campos !

Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,

Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,

Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum

Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.

Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando

Sparfa fuerit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,

Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes

Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgere fumum.

Ut vario anfractu, et disiectis undique saxis

Moenia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur

Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent !

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Hic pestem occultam, et foecundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaue membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum 40
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Coelicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse 45
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentum currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum. 50

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto foedere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto 55
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis. 60

Te tamen e mediis.* Ductor Fortissime turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti 65
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe adorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoûm, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo 70
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambular, ursæ

* Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta 75
 Describit fociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
 Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
 En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
 Deferit, imperio extremum qui subjicit orbem.*
 Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ 81
 Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
 Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Senefsi.
 Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
 Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu, 85
 Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
 Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
 Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
 Cum peteret, testisque ingens succederet hospes. 90

Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
 Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
 Cordo micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
 Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
 Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas. 95

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura vulgi
 Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
 Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
 Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
 Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes 100
 Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
 Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
 Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
 Solicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
 Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas. 105
 Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
 Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
 Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
 Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes 110
 Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
 Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
 Cara stupet conjux reducisque incerta mariti

* Muscoviz Imperator.

Vestigat faciem ; trepida formidine proles
 Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus. 115
 Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
 Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prælia verbis.
 Sic, poſtquam in patrium fœcunda heroibus Argo
 Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
 Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum, 120
 Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
 Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
 Serpentem, vigileſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
 Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis, 125
 Accipimus reducem : tibi Diva Britannia fundit
 Plebemque et proceres : medias quacunque per urbes
 Ingredereſ, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
 Gaudiaque et plauſus : mixto ordine vulgus euntem
 Circumſtat fremitu denſo : tibi Jupiter annum 130
 Seriſ invertit, lucas mirata ſerenas
 Ridet hyems, feſtoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque Nepos* tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
 Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
 Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus 135
 Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam
 Infundunt puero ! ut matur formoſa ſerenat
 Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora !
 Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque parentes.
 Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bella, 140
 Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
 Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
 Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
 Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
 Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva 145
 Nominibus ſignat variis ; ſubitoque tumultu
 Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
 Diruit : interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
 Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
 Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror. 150

Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
 Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales

* Celiſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis

Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura fordes?
 Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile coelum,
 Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
 Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos? 156

En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
 Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
 Flagrantisque hyemes; crepitantia fidera passim
 Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia coelo. 160
 Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
 Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
 Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
 Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
 Collaquatit, rutilasque jubar; hic lubricus anguem 165
 Ludit, subfiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Lætitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
 Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
 Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
 Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat: 170
 Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
 Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
 Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
 Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
 Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis 176
 Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
 Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
 Fida satillitia, at solitis stipate catervis
 Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas. 180
 Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
 O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
 Ne terris Dominum invidas, quanquam amplius illum
 Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem. 184

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat foflor terræ cæca antra, metallo
 Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
 Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
 Eruit argentia latices, niridumque liquorem;
 Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu, 5
 Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,

Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes, lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat; 10

An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretiosus amictu 15
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum 20
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympa monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor infurgit, vitreoque canali 26
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.

Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor, 30
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi, 35
Pabula venturæ pluviae: tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis. 40

Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbium cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fecundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli 45
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviae, mutuensque procellam,

Agricolæ caveant ; non hoc impune colonus
 Aspicit : ostendet mox foeta vaporibus aura
 Collectas, hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
 At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
 Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
 Cætera quæque tument ; everfis flumina ripis
 Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
 Diluvium rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

50

Nulla tacet secretapoli mirabile vitrum,
 Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
 Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
 Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

55

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
 Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasquæ minantur ;
 Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator ;
 Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
 Prosterнат : terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos,

60

64

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ :

SIVE.

PRAELIUM INTER PYGMAEOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero : parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue ; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensofque Grues, indignantesque pusillam [tus.
 Militiam celebra ; volucrumque hominumque tumul-
 Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa :
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem ?
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
 Gesta latent ? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
 Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem ?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
 Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus ;
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos

6

10

15

Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
 Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
 India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
 (Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta) 20
 Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
 Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
 Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
 Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
 Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas 25
 Exiguus videt, et vestigia parva stupefcit.
 Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
 Regna et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
 Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
 Parvula progenies; tum, si quis comminus ales 30
 Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnae,
 Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
 Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque re-
 Ingentem prædam; cæloque epulatur in hoste. [portat
 Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat 35
 Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
 Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
 Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
 Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
 Omnia vastaret miles, foetusque necaret 40
 Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
 Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
 Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
 Commissa strages, confusaque mortis imago. 45
 Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
 Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
 Lufit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
 Miscuit; hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
 Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco 50
 Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
 Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
 Pœnituit foetus, intactaque maluit ova.
 Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras, 55

Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis
 Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cäystri [unda,
 Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
 Et conjurato volucris deicendit ab istro.

Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens, 60

Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
 Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.

Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.

Ergo ubi ver nectus proprium, suspensus in alto

Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepat alis, 65

Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe

Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant

Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther

Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceffit 70

Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalanges,

Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis;

Donec turma duas composita excurrant in alas,

Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert 75

Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus

Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes

Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.

Torrior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis

Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta 80

Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.

Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris

Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris

Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.

Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem, 85

Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:

Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis

Intulit, heu; quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum

Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque serentem. 90

Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert

Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens

Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.

Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat

Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret: 95

Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
 Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
 Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
 Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
 Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert: 100
 Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
 Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
 Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
 Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
 Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu 105
 Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
 Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
 Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
 Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
 Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
 Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit 111
 Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
 Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
 Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
 Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
 Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur, 116
 Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
 Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
 Miscetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
 Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di voluere) tumultu 120
 Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
 Comprendit pedibus pugnantiem; et (triste relatu)
 Sustulit in coelum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
 Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
 Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto 125
 Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
 Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
 Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
 Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua moriū;
 Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat 130
 Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
 Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
 Mitteret in cælum Briareus, folioque Tonantem
 Præcipitem excuterit; sparguntur in æthere toto
 Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum 135

Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiuſtaque ſulphure ſumant.

Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmeia tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili percuſa metu, pars tollere vocem 140
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant á tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certae gentem, extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis deſuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis, 145
Funditus interiit: nempe excitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum. 150
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mereater anilis
Fabula, Paſtores per noctis opaca pucillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos. 155
Dum ſecura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet. 159

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA.

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulacra modis pallentia miris,
Tarribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores. 5

Olim planitiem (quam nunc foecunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem 10
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
 Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
 Per cava coelorum, et convexa patentia late
 Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
 Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
 Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
 Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc confitus astris
 Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Læteus omne
 Diffuere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu. 20

Sic, operis postquam lufit primordia pictor,
 Dum fordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
 Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
 Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
 Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
 Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane. 25

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
 Sparsaque per totum cœlestis turba tabellam
 Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
 Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
 Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque perimam
 Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
 Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago. 30

Sic dum foecundis Cadmus dat semina fulcis,
 Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
 Luxuriatur ager lægete spirante, calescit
 Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis, 35

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
 Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
 Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
 Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
 Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
 Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
 Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago, 45
 Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere narès
 Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
 Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
 Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
 Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
 Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram. 50

Notrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem

Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
 Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine perfusus, radii sique inspersus acutis. 55
 Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
 Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
 Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum, O! mutatus ab illo,
 Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam 60
 Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
 Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
 Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem. 65

Jam latus effosum, et palmus ostendit utrasque,
 Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeffunt. 70
 Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
 Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
 Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
 Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
 Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho. 75
 His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitant, immoque in pectore fervent.
 Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
 Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo. 80

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
 Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pistor, honesto
 Surgentem è tumulto, alatoque satellite fultam?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
 Wainfletus *, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat: 85
 Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
 Quando alium similem virtus habitura!——
 Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
 Aspicit, impavidosque in iudice figit ocellos.
 Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris 90
 Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco

POEMATATA.

Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
 Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
 Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
 Livida serpat opus, tenuisque absumpta recedat 95
 Pictura in cineres, propiris peritura favillis.
 Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
 Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
 Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et enssem
 Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos 100
 Jam paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
 Heu? quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
 Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
 Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
 Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
 Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorable numen. 106

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
 Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
 Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
 Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber 110
 Rore nitet toto, et gutta, scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
 Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ, 113
 Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo
 Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
 Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris 5
 Defecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
 Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
 Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
 Ligna percurrent vernantem turba palæstram
 Unctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ 10
 Artificis ferum dederat, facilisque moveri.
 Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
 Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
 Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
 Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit; 15

Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut fors ; quisque suis accingitur armis.

Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum 20

Designat ; jactique legens vestigia, primam,

Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa

Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,

Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso

Subsistat : subito globus emicat alter et alter. 25

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem

Sparsa per obiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,

Atque negant faciles aditus : jam cautius exit,

Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.

At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem 30

Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,

Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,

Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.

Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur iniquam

Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum. 35

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus

Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum

Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.

Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,

Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, fallos 40

Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.

Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, coeptum

Pergit iter, nullisque movetur furda querelis.

Illam tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,

Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri, 45

Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum

Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.

Hostis at hærentem orbiculo dertudere sphæram

Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes

Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget : 50

Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.

Haud ita profiliens Elæo carcare pernix

Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato

Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.

Si tamen in duos, obstructa satellite multo, 55

Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes ;
 Tnm fervit bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
 Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia——

Si vero incurius faciles, aditumque patentem
 Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore : 60
 Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
 Exclamant socii ; plausu strepit omni viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
 Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas ;
 Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
 Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor. 66

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

OQUI canoro blandius Orpheo
 Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
 Felicior luētuoſis
 Sæpe animam rovocas ab umbris.

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
 Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis ;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
 Frontemque curis sollicitam explica, 10
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
 Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
 Minister ingens, imperique 15
 Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius !
 Nec cæteros cautus mederi
 Ipse tuam minuas salutem, 20

Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
 Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
 Attentus explorare venam
 Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
 Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
 Innatus herbis te fatigant :
 Serius aut citius sepulchro

25

Debemur omnes, vitæque deferet
 Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
 Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
 (Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

30

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
 Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;
 Suumque victorem vicissim
 Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

35

Decurrit illi vita beator
 Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius
 Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
 Sponte sua satis ingruentes ;

40

Et quem dierum lene fluentium
 Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
 Felix amicis, gaudiisque
 Innocuis bene temperata.

44

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
 Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum ;
 Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
 Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu servant, glomeratque tumultum
 Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam ;

5

Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
 Undique congressi permixta sedilia complent,
 Nec confusus honos ; nummo subfellia cedunt
 Diverſo, et varii ad pretium ſtat copia ſcamni. 10
 Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, lumina paſſim
 Anguſtos penetrant aditus, qua plurima viſum
 Fila ſecant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
 Pervia fraus pateat : mox ſtridula turba penates
 Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia ſquallido fuco, 15
 Hic humiles inter ſcenas, anguſtaque clauſtra,
 Quicquid agunt homines, concurſus, bella, triumphos,
 Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
 Voce ſtrepens ; major ſubnectit fibula veſtem, 20
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus ;
 In ventrem tumet immodicum ; pone eminet ingens
 A tergo gibbus ; Pygmœum territat agmen
 Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
 Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis 25
 Conſiſus, gracili jaçtat convitia vulgo,
 Et crebro ſolvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
 Quanquam res agitur ſolenni ſeria pompa,
 Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
 Et riſu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat. 30
 Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
 Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oſcula ligno,
 Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
 Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectabilis auro, 35
 Ligna gens prodit, nitidisque ſuperbit in oſtris.
 Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub imagine lucem,
 Ordine compoſito nympharum incedit honeſtum
 Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
 Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis, 40
 Jamque, inſenſa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
 Indulgere jocis, teneriſque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera coelo,
 Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populusque puſillus
 Feſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyros 45
 Ducit, et anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.

Mane patent gressus ; hic succos terra feraces
 Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
 Luxuriam, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces, 50
 Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.

Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
 Dirumpunt pugnae ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
 Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.

Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure foeti, 55

Protensaque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
 Telorum ingentes subeunt ; dant claustra fragorem
 Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
 Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.

Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus ; undique cæsæ 60
 Apparent turmae, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnae deserbuit æstus,
 Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
 Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.

Nec raro prisca heroes, quos pagina sacra 65

Suggestit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
 Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas

Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.

Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaue barbæ

Canities mento pendet : sic tarda senectus 70

Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam

Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
 Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,

Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum 75

Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam

Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci

Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos.

Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.

Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum 80

Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inert

Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.

His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos

Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri :

Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,

Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba. 86

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
 Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos;
 Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
 Respuis officium camoenæ.

Tu mixta rerum femina conscius, 5
 Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
 Terramque concretam, et latentem
 Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
 Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum 10
 Utcunque stet commune vulgi
 Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
 Illapsa tellus lubrica deferit
 Fundamina, et compage fracta 15
 Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
 Terras aquarum effusa licentia
 Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
 Reliquiæ fluitant prioris. 20

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
 Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
 Stellasque miratur nutantes,
 Et tremulæ simulacru lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis! 25
 Qualis calefcit spiritus ingenî!
 Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
 Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?

30

Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.

35

Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!

40

Nudus liquentes plorat, Athos nives
Et mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum perimas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio perituro mundo.

45

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: en teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favonî
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!

50

O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

56

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK II.

The Story of Phaeton.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd:
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought: 5
The matter vy'd not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd: 10
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide, 15
And some on fishes thro' the waters glide.
Tho' various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face
On earth a diff'rent landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise, 20
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were fix engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went, 25
Till pressing forward thro' the bright abode,
He saw, at distance, the illustrious god;
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne 30
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd; 35

Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear,
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne ;
That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one :
He saw the boy's confusion in his face, 40
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place ;
And cries aloud, " What wants my son ? for know
" My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

" Light of the world !" the trembling youth replies,
" Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise 45
" The parent's name, some certain token give
" That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
" Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."

The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head, 50
And bid the youth advance : " My son," said he,
" Come to thy father's arms ; for Clymenè
" Has told thee true ; a parent's name I own,
" And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son :
" As a sure proof, make some request, and I, 55
" What'er it be, with that request, comply ;
" By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
" And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth, transported, asks, without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day. 60

The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook :
" My son," says he, " some other proof require ;
" Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
" I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made, 65
" Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
" Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
" Nor suited to thy strength nor to thy years.
" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
" Beyond the province of mortality. 70
" There is not one of all the gods that dares
" (However skill'd in other great affairs)
" To mount the burning axletree but I ;
" Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky.

- “ That hurls the three-fork’d thunder from above, 75
 “ Dares try his strength ; yet who so strong as Jove ?
 “ The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
 “ And when the middle firmament they gain,
 “ If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
 “ And see the earth and ocean hang helow, 80
 “ Ev’n I am seiz’d with horror and affright,
 “ And my own heart misgives me at the sight ;
 “ A mighty downfal steeps the ev’ning stage,
 “ And steady reins must curb the horses’ rage.
 “ Tethys herself has fear’d to see me driv’n 85
 “ Down headlong from the precipice of heav’n.
 “ Besides, consider what impetuous force
 “ Turns stars and planets in a diff’rent course :
 “ I steer against their motions ; nor am I
 “ Borne back by all the current of the sky. 90
 “ But how could you resist the orbs that roll
 “ In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
 “ But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
 “ And stately domes, and cities fill’d with gods,
 “ While thro’ a thousand snares your progress lies, 95
 “ Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
 “ For should you hit the doubtful way aright,
 “ The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite ;
 “ Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung ;
 “ And next the Lion’s grinning visage hung ; 100
 “ The Scorpion’s claws here clasp a wide extent,
 “ And here the Crab’s in lesser clasps are bent.
 “ Nor would you find it easy to compose
 “ The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
 “ The scorching fire that in their entrails glows. 105
 “ Ev’n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
 “ When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
 “ Let not my son a fatal gift require,
 “ But, O ! in time recal your rash desire :
 “ You ask a gift that may your parent tell ; 110
 “ Let these my fears your parentage reveal ;
 “ And learn a father from a father’s care :
 “ Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare,
 “ Could you but look, you’d read the father there.

“ Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies, 115
 “ For open to your wish all nature lies,
 “ Only decline this one unequal task,
 “ For ’tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask :
 “ You ask a real mischief, Phaeton ;
 “ Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son : 120
 “ I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 “ Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.”

Thus did the God th’ unwary youth advise,
 But he still longs to travel thro’ the skies ;
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads) 125
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.

A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb’d with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas’d the sight,
 The seat with party-color’d gems was bright ; 130
 Apollo shin’d amid the glare of light.

The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
 When now the Morn disclos’d her purple rays :
 The stars were fled ; for Lucifer had chas’d
 The stars away, and fled himself at last. 135

Soon as the father saw the rosy Morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
 Bring forth the steeds ; the nimble Hours obey :
 From their full racks the gen’rous steeds retire, 140
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.

Still anxious for his son, the God of Day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial oinment wet,
 Of sov’reign virtue to repel the heat ; 145

Then fix’d the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch’d a deep foreboding sigh, and said :

“ Take this, at least, this last advice, my son :
 “ Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on ;
 “ The coursers of themselves will run too fast ; 150
 “ Your art must be to moderate their haste :
 “ Drive ’em not on directly thro’ the skies,
 “ But were the Zodiack’s winding circle lies,

" Along the midmost zone ; but fally forth
 " Nor to the distant South nor stormy North. 155
 " The horse's hoofs a beaten track will show,
 " But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
 " That no new fires or heaven or earth infest ;
 " Keep the midway ; the middle way is best. 160
 " Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
 " Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
 " Shun both extremes ; the rest let Fortune guide,
 " And better for thee than thyself provide !
 " See, while I speak the shades disperse away,
 " Aurora gives the promise of a day ; 165
 " I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 " Snatch up the reins ; or still th' attempt forsake,
 " And not my chariot, but my counsel, take,
 " While yet securely on the earth you stand,
 " Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. 170
 " Let me alone to light the world, while you
 " Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
 He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat
 And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat,
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives 175
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
 Mean-while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood ;
 Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay. 180
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth thro' clouds and yielding air,
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat, 185
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight ;
 But as at sea th' unbalast vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the sky. 190
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.

The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey; 195
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea:
The folded Serpent next the Frozen Pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll.

And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war, 200
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes, too, that fain
Thou wouldst have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

Th' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread: 205
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own, 210
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.

So fares the pilot when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and, in despair,
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer. 215

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and measures in his mind,
And sometimes casts an eye upon the East, 220
And sometimes looks on the forbidden West:
The horses' names he knew not in the fright, [tight.
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size, 225
That deck'd with stars lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs. 230
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,

Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins :
 The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
 And flying out thro' all the plains above, 235
 Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove ;
 Rush'd on the stars, and thro' a pathless way
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day :
 And now above and now below they flew,
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew. 240

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
 Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own ;
 The high lands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
 Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze :
 Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
 The running conflagration spreads below. 245
 But these are trivial ills ; whole cities burn,
 And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
 Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear ; 250
 Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
 And virgin Helicon increase the flame ;
 Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
 And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
 Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron glow, 255
 And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow ;
 High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
 And Ætna rages with redoubled heat :
 Ev'n Scythia, thro' her hoary regions warm'd,
 In vain with all her native frost was arm'd : 260
 Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
 And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine ;
 And where the long-extended Alps aspire
 Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
 Beheld the universe around him burn : 266
 The world was in a blaze ; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
 Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd ;
 And now the axletree beneath him glow'd : 270
 Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
 And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,

He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun. 276

Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.

The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns ; 280

Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from ev'ry distant coast ;
E'en Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost ;

Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar, 285

And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more :

The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Thro' mazy windings, smokes in every maze :

From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies ;

The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise 290

In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies :

In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,

And Tagus floating in his melted gold ;

The swans, that on Cäyfter often try'd

Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd :

The frightened Nile ran off, and under ground 296

Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found ;

His seven divided currents all are dry,

And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie :

No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,

Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain. 301

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day :

The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose

Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose :

Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase 306

The number of the scatter'd Cyclades :

The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,

Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap :

Gasping for breath th' unshapen Phocæ die, 310

And on the boiling wave extended lie :

Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main ;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant : 315
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on ev'ry side embrac'd
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
 When now she felt the springs and rivers come, 320
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
 Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
 And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said ;
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat) 325

“ If you, great King of gods ! my death approve,
 “ And I deserve it, let me die by Jove ;
 “ If I must perish by the force of fire,
 “ Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire. 329

“ See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
 “ (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)

“ See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye
 “ And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie !

“ And does the plough for this my body tear ?
 “ This the reward for all the fruits I bear, 335

“ Tortur'd with rakes, and harrafs'd all the year ?

“ That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 “ And food for man, and frankincense for you ?
 “ But grant me guilty ; what has Neptune done ?
 “ Why are his waters boiling in the sun ? 340

“ The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 “ Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven ?

“ If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 “ See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke !

“ Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 “ Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods ; 346

“ Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 “ And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.

“ If heav'n, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 “ All must again into their chaos turn, 350

“ Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 “ And succour nature ere it be too late.”

She ceas'd, for choak'd with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness ev'ry pow'r above, 355
 And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.

Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down. 360
 From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
 But now could meet with neither storms nor show'r,
 Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand.
 In dreadful thund'rings. Thus the Almighty fire 365
 Suppress'd the ragings of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
 The ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n:
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground : 370
 The studded harness from their necks they broke ;
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke ;
 Here were the beam and axle torn away,
 And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay :
 The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair, 375
 Shot from the chariot like a fallen star,
 That in a summer's ev'ning from the top
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop ;
 Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world. 380

Phaeton's Sisters transformed into Trees.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder gaz'd,
 And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise ; 385
 “ Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies ;
 “ His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
 “ But in the glorious enterprise he dy'd.”

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief;
 And if the story may deserve belief, 390
 The space of one whole day is said to run,
 From morn to wonted eve, without a sun;
 The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
 Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day;
 A day that still did Nature's face disclose; 395
 This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
 And as her grief inspires her passion vents:
 Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
 With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes, 400
 To seek where'er his body might be cast,
 Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
 The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears;
 The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
 Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart, 405
 And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters, too, lament, and sigh, and mourn,
 (A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
 And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
 And call aloud for Phaeton in vain; 410
 All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
 And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
 So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
 When now the eldest, Phæthusia strove 415
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
 Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves:
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views 420
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
 Crufted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
 But still above were female heads display'd, 425
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas! the weeping mother do?

From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew:
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves, 430
 And from the verdant fingers strips the leaves:
 The blood came trickling where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
 "Forbear, mistaken Parent, oh! forbear;
 "A wounded daughter in each tree you tear: 435
 "Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below; 440
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mixt in the sand, whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

The Transformation of Cycnus into a Swan.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
 To their dead brother on the mortal side, 445
 In friendship and affection nearer bound,
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
 Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
 And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone, 450
 The melancholy monarch made his moan,
 His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
 And issu'd thro' a long extended neck;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet; 455
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
 All Cycnus now into a Swan was turn'd,
 Who still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires, 460
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo, in a gloomy shade,
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light; 465

The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And fullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd, 470
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.

“ Ere since the birth of time,” said he, “ I’ve borne
“ A long ungrateful toil without return ;
“ Let now some other manage, if he dare, 475
“ The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car ;
“ Or if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
“ And learn to lay his murd’ring thunder by ;
“ Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
“ My son deserv’d not so severe a fate.” 480

The gods stand round him as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night ;
Jove, too, himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen’d, and entreats, 485
Majestically mixing pray’rs and threats.

Prevail’d upon at length, again he took
The harness’d steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son. 490

The Story of Calisto.

THE day was settled in its course, and Jove
Walk’d the wide circuit of the heav’ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
But all was safe : the earth he then survey’d,
And cast an eye on ev’ry diff’rent coast, 495
And every land, but on Arcadia most :
Her fields he cloth’d and cheer’d her blasted face
With running fountains and with springing grafs :
No tracks of heaven’s destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the god walk’d to and fro the earth, 501
And rais’d the plants, and gave the spring its birth,

By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
 The nymph nor spun nor dress'd with artful pride ; 505
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd ;
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;
 To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd : 510
 Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
 Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
 O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
 More favour'd once ; but favor lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove 515
 The heated virgin panting to a grove ;
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast ;
 She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd ;
 She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
 And on the painted quiver rais'd her head. 520
 Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
 " Here I am safe," he cries, " from Juno's eye,
 " Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
 " Yet would I venture on a theft like this, 525
 " And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss !"
 Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
 Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
 And mildly in a female accent spoke.

" How fares my girl ? how went the morning chase ?"
 To whom the virgin, starting from the grass, 531
 " All hail, bright Deity ! whom I prefer
 " To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here."
 The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
 Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd. 535

He then salutes her with a warm embrace,
 And ere she half had told the morning chase,
 With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
 Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss :
 His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd, 540
 Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin could ;
 (Sure Juno must have pardon'd had she view'd)
 With all her might against his force she strove ;
 But how can mortal maids contend with Jove !

545

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
 Back to his heav'ns th' insulting god retir'd.

The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
 With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
 By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
 Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,

550

And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
 Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
 Call'd to the nymph ; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her ;

555

But when she saw the sister-nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear !
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.

560

Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin-goddess (had she been
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.

565

'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright ;
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert and refreshing streams,
 That in soft murmurs thro' the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

570

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
 The goddess prais'd : " And now no spies are near,
 " Let's strip, my gentle Maids ! and wash," she cries.

Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies ;

576

Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd :

In vain excus'd ; her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.

580

The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,

In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd :

“ Begone ! ” the goddess cries, with stern disdain,

“ Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain.”

She fled, for ever banish'd from the train. 585

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime :

The time was come : for, to enrage her more,

A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd, 590

“ It is enough ; I'm fully satisfy'd :

“ This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove

“ My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love.

“ But vengeance shall awake ; those guilty charms

“ That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms, 595

“ No longer shall their wonted force retain,

“ Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.”

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,

Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground :

The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer ; 600

Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair ;

Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,

Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws ;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin

To grow distorted in an ugly grin ; 605

And, lest the supplicating brute might reach

The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech :

Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came,

In savage sounds ; her mind was still the same :

The furry monster fix'd her eyes above, 610

And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,

And begg'd his aid with inward groans ; and tho'

She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,

And haunt the fields and meadows once her own ! 615

How often would the deep mouth'd dogs pursue,

Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew !

How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun

The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one !

How from the sight of rugged wolves retire, 620

Altho' the grim Lycaon was her fire !

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold,
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay. 625
 She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gaz'd : the boy was in a fright,
 And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
 And would have slain his mother in the beast ;
 But Jove forbade, and snatch'd them thro' the air 630
 In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there :
 Where the new constellations nightly rise,
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
 Spangled with stars and circled round with light, 635
 She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
 And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
 They ask what brings her there ? " Ne'er ask," says she,
 " What brings me here ; heaven is no place for me.
 " You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
 " Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore 641
 " Usurp the heavens ; you'll see them proudly roll
 " In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
 " And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
 " When those she hates grow greater by her hate ? 645
 " I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
 " Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast :
 " This, this was all my weak revenge could do ;
 " But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 " And, as he acted after Io's rape, 650
 " Restore th' adultress to her former shape ;
 " Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 " The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
 " But you, ye venerable powers ! be kind,
 " And, if my wrongs a due resentment find, 655
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 " Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."

The goddess ended, and her wish was given ;
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven ;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her thro' the skies, 660
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes ;

The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of Coronis, and Birth of Æsculapius.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unfully'd breast, 665
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told ; 670
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd ; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind :
Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true ;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find 676
The false one with a secret rival join'd :
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd, 680
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd. 685

“ Stay, silly bird ! th' illnatur'd task refuse,
“ Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news ;
“ Be warn'd by my example ; you discern
“ What now I am, and what I was shall learn :
“ My foolish honesty was all my crime ; 690
“ Then hear my story. Once upon a time
“ The two-shap'd Erichonius had his birth
“ (Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
“ Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
“ Within a chest, of twining osiers made. 695
“ The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
“ To guard the chest, commanded not to look
“ On what was hid within. I stood to see
“ The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.

- “ The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep 700
“ The strict command ; Aglauros needs would peep,
“ And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
“ And call’d her sisters to the hideous sight :
“ A boy’s soft shape did to the waist prevail,
“ But the boy ended in a dragon’s tail. 705
“ I told the stern Minerva all that pass’d,
“ But for my pains, discarded and disgrac’d.
“ The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
“ And for her fav’rite chose the bird of night.
“ Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong 710
“ Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
“ But you, perhaps, may think I was remov’d
“ As never by the heav’nly maid belov’d :
“ But I was lov’d, ask Pallas if I lie ;
“ Tho’ Pallas hate me now, she won’t deny ; 715
“ For I, whom in a feather’d shape you view,
“ Was once a maid (by heav’n the story’s true)
“ A blooming maid, and a king’s daughter too.
“ A crowd of lovers own’d my beauty’s charms ;
“ My beauty was the cause of all my harms ; 720
“ Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
“ Observ’d me in my walks, and fell in love.
“ He made his courtship, he confess’d his pain,
“ And offer’d force when all his arts were vain :
“ Swift he pursu’d ; I ran along the strand, 725
“ Till, spent and weary’d on the sinking sand,
“ I shriek’d aloud ; with cries I fill’d the air,
“ To gods and men ; nor god nor man was there :
“ A virgin goddess heard a virgin’s pray’r :
“ For as my arms I lifted to the skies, 730
“ I saw black feathers from my fingers rise :
“ I strove to fling my garment on the ground ;
“ My garment turn’d to plumes, and girt me round :
“ My hands to beat my naked bosom try ;
“ Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I. 735
“ Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
“ Sunk in the sand, but skimm’d along the shore,
“ Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr’d
“ To be the chaste Minerva’s virgin bird :

- “ Preferr’d in vain ! I now am in disgrace ; 740
 “ Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
 “ On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
 “ (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
 “ And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 “ For which she now does penance in a bird, 745
 “ That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 “ And loves the gloomy covering of the night ;
 “ The birds, where’er she flutters, scare away
 “ The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.”
 The raven, urg’d by such impertinence, 750
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And curs’d the harmless daw ; the daw withdrew ;
 The raven to her injur’d patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favor’d youth. 755
 The god was wroth ; the colour left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook ;
 His silver bow and feather’d shafts he took,
 And lodg’d an arrow in the tender breast
 That had so often to his own been prest. 760
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan’d,
 And pull’d his arrow reeking from the wound,
 And, welt’ring in her blood, thus faintly cry’d,
 “ Ah, cruel God ! tho’ I have justly dy’d,
 “ What has, alas ! my unborn infant done, 765
 “ That he should fall, and two expire in one ?”
 This said, in agonies she fetch’d her breath.
 The god dissolves in pity at her death ;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done ; 770
 The feather’d shaft that sent her to the Fates,
 And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates :
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire, 775
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.

Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought. 780

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more. 786

Ocyrrhoe transformed to a Mare.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore, 790
With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd, 795
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail! great physician of the world! all hail!
"Hail, mighty infant! who in years to come
"Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb; 800
"Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
"Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind;
"Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
"And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
"Then shalt thou die, but from the dark abode 805
"Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
"And thou, my fire, not destin'd by thy birth
"To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
"How wilt thou tofs and rave, and long to die,
"And quit thy claim to immortality, 810
"When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
"The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
"The gods in pity, shall contract thy date,
"And give thee over to the pow'r of Fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid 815
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd;

More had she still to say, but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
 "My voice," says she, "is gone, my language fails;
 "Thro' ev'ry limb my kindred shape prevails: 820
 "Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
 "And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
 "What new desires are these? I long to pace
 "O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;
 "I hasten to a brute, a maid no more; 825
 "But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
 "My fire does half a human shape retain,
 "And in his upper parts preserves the man."

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
 But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words 830
 Pours forth such hideous wailings as declare
 The human form confounded in the mare:
 Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
 She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express.
 Her stooping body on her hands is borne, 835
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train:
 The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took. 840

The Transformation of Battus to a Touchstone.

SORE wept the Centaur, and to Phoebus pray'd;
 But how could Phoebus give the Centaur aid?
 Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
 In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak, 845
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd 850
 A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd:
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)

Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
 His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
 The thievish god suspected him, and took 856
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
 "Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 "And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
 "Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on, 860
 "That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
 The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain,
 And cried out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 "Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way? 865
 "In the recov'ry of my cattle join,
 "A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
 The peasant quick replies, "You'll find 'em there
 "In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd: 870
 The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
 "And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 "Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he;
 Then to a Touchstone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy. 875

The Story of Aglauros transformed into a Statue.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid; 881
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain. 885

The god, well pleas'd, beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,

That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high, 890
 Flies at a distance if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye,
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star, 895
 Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
 So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.

Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
 So the cold bullet, that with fury slung 900
 From Balearick engines, mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.

At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a god:
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart, 905

And yet he strives to better them by art:
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand: 910
 The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd, 915
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
 Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.

Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd, 920
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came?

"I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven, to woo
 Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;

"I am the son and messenger of Jove, 925

"My name is Mercury, my business love;

"Do you, kind damsel! take a lover's part,

"And gain admittance to your sister's hear."

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
 As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And till he brings it makes the god retire.
 Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed,
 And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command,
 She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand,
 In big swoln sighs her inward rage exprest,
 That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast,
 Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
 Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood :
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

935

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Directly to the cave her course she steer'd ;
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd ;
 The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
 A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
 And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
 Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye ;
 The hideous monster, rising heavily,
 Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
 Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry ;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast :
 Her teeth were brown with rust ; and from her tongue,
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung,
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep.
 Restless in spite ; while, watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy ;
 Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
 She bears her own tormentor in her breast.

945

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The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
 A short command : " To Athens speed thy flight :
 " On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art, 970
 " And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."

This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven ; the hag, with eyes askew,
 Look'd up and mutter'd curses as she flew ; 975
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve

At the success which she herself must give ;
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne
 O'er fields and flow'ry meadows : where she steers 980
 Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights : the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid waste :
 On mortals next, and peopled towns, she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls. 985

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest 990
 Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.

To execute Minerva's dire command,
 She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid : 995
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
 Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate : 1000
 Th' imaginary bride appears in state,
 The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
 For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day : 1005
 Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun ;



ADDISON.

Then takes her staffing round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along in a black whirlwind borne.

See Story of Iphigenia L. 978 p. 88.

Or like unwholesome weeds that, set on fire,
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
 Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision, wrought) 1010
 Oft did she call on Death, as oft decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
 To tell her awful father what had past;
 At length before the door herself she cast, 1015
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
 The god careis'd, and for admission pray'd,
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid:
 In vain he sooth'd: "Begone!" the maid replies, 1020
 "Or here I keep my seat, and never rise,"
 "Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
 And touch'd the door wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground; 1025
 Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
 So does the chillness to each vital part 1030
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 Till hard'ning ev'ry where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen, 1035

Europa's Rape.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes, 1040
 And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express'd.

"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 Thy fire's commands are thro' the world convey'd

" Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force, 1046
 " And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course,
 " There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
 " The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore."

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent, 1050
 The trusty Hermes on his message went,
 And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
 A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the shore,
 Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
 Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain. 1055

The dignity of empire laid aside,
 (For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
 The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
 Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
 Among a herd of lowing heifers ran, 1060
 Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
 Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
 And from his neck the double dewlap hung:
 His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Unfally'd by the breath of southern skies; 1065
 Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
 As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
 His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
 But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light;
 His ev'ry look was peaceful, and express 1070
 The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
 And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight: 1075
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
 He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
 Now rolls his body on the yellow sand; 1080
 And now perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns. 1085

In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast,
 Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode 1090
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
 Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize. 1095
 The frightened nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
 Upon his back, the other grasps a horn;
 Her train of ruffling garments flies behind, 1100
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Thro' storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the Diætæan shore,
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid, 1105
 Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features and celestial light,
 And all the god discover'd to her sight. 1109

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The Story of Cadmus.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on ev'ry coast,
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more;
 But live an exile in a foreign clime. 5
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
 But how can Jove in his amours be found?
 When tir'd, at length, with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry fire and native soil, 10

He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
 There asks the god what new-appointed home
 Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve?
 The Delphic oracles this answer give.

“ Behold among the fields a lonely cow, 15
 “ Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
 “ Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 “ There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
 “ And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
 “ In which the destin'd walls and towns shall stand.”

No sooner had he left the dark abode, 21
 Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
 When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
 Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
 Her gently at a distance he pursu'd; 25
 And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
 To the great pow'r whose counsels he obey'd.
 Her way thro' flow'ry Panopè she took,
 And now, Cephissus, cross'd thy silver brook,
 When to the heav'ns her spacious front she rais'd, 30
 And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning, gaz'd
 On those behind, till on the destin'd place
 She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
 The new-found mountains and the nameless vales, 35
 And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
 To see his new dominions round him lie:
 Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove,
 For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood 40
 Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
 A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
 O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
 Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
 With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round. 45

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
 Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
 Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
 Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes;

His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold ;
 His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold ;
 Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes ;
 His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
 And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault ;
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.

Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise ;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
 All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.

Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And gazing round him overlook'd the wood ;
 Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd,
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.

Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
 The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.

In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly ;

All their endeavours and their hopes are vain ;
 Some die entangled in the winding train ;
 Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky,
 When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
 The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore,
 Inur'd to blood, the far-destroying dart,
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass ;
 The scaly foe amidst their corpse he view'd,
 Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.

"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date ;
 "But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate :"

Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw, 90
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
 A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
 With all its lofty battlements had shook ;
 But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
 Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales, 95
 That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
 With native armour crufted all around :
 With more success the dart unerring flew,
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw ;
 Amid the plaited scales it took its course, 100
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force :
 The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
 And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
 And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away ;
 The point still buried in the marrow lay. 105
 And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
 Reddens his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein ;
 Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
 Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
 Such as the infernal Stygian waters cast ; 110
 The plants around him wither in the blast.
 Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
 Now all unravell'd, and without a fold ;
 Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
 Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course. 115
 Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
 Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil ;
 The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage :
 Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The Serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear, 120
 Till blood and venom all the point besmear ;
 But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight ;
 For whilst the champion with redoubled might
 Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
 Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow,
 The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke, 126
 And presses forward, till a knotty oak
 Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
 Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,

That in th' extended neck a passage found,
 And pierc'd the solid timber thro' the wound.
 Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
 Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak,
 Till spent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
 He now lay twisting in the pangs of death. 135

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
 Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood ;
 When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
 (The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
 " Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see, 140
 " Insulting man ! what thou thyself shalt be ?"

Astonish'd at his voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd ;
 When Pallas, swift descending from the skies,
 Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise, 145
 Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
 The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
 Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
 Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command, 150
 And flings the future people from his hand.
 The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows ;
 And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
 Now the broad shoulders, and the rising breasts ; 155
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms !

So thro' the parting stage a figure rears
 Its body up, and limb by limb appears
 By just degrees, till all the man arise, 160
 And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
 Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight ;
 When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man ! forbear
 " To mingle in a blind promiscuous war." 165
 This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
 Himself expiring by another's wound ;
 Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
 Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran thro' all the field, 170
 Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd ;
 The furrows swam in blood ; and only five
 Of all the vast increase were left alive.

Echion one, at Pallas's command,
 Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand, 175
 And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
 Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes ;
 So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
 And gives his new Bœotian empire birth. 179

Here Cadmus reign'd ; and now one would have
 The royal founder in his exile bless'd : [guess'd
 Long did he live within his new abodes,
 Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods,
 And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
 A long increase of children's children told : 185
 But no frail man, however great or high,
 Can be concluded bless'd before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
 Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face ;
 Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan 190
 The branching horns, and visage not his own ;
 To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.
 And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault ; 195
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance :
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance ?

The Transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

IN a fair chase a shady mountain stood, [blood ;
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
 Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day, 201
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey ;
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest :
 " My friends," says he, " our sport is at the best :
 " The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 " His burning beams directly on our heads ; 205
 " Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 " Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,

“ And ere to-morrow’s sun begins his race,
 “ Take the cool morning to renew the chase.”

They all consent, and in a cheerful train 210
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale, with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh’d with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste Diana’s private haunt, there stood 215

Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
 A spacious grotto, all around o’ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch’d with pumice-stone ;
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And, trickling, swell into a lake below. 220

Nature had ev’ry where so play’d her part,
 That every where she seem’d to vie with Art :
 Here the bright goddess, toil’d and chaf’d with heat,
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort, 225
 Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport ;
 Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
 Some loos’d her sandals, some her veil unty’d ;
 Each busy nymph her proper part undress’d,
 While Crocalè, more handy than the rest, 230
 Gather’d her flowing hair, and in a noose
 Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose :
 Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,
 Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undress’d the shining goddess stood, 235
 When young Actæon, wilder’d in the wood,
 To the cool grot by his hard fate betray’d,

The fountains fill’d with naked nymphs survey’d,
 The frightened virgins shriek’d at the surprise,
 (The forest echo’d with their piercing cries) 240

Then in a huddle round their goddess press’d ;
 She, proudly eminent above the rest,

With blushes glow’d, such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin or the purple morn ;
 And tho’ the crowding nymphs her body hide, 245

Half backward shrunk, and view’d him from aside.

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Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow;
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke : 250
 " Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd.
 " A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man began to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
 A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast : 260
 But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone

He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass 265
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
 What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his aching heart assails. 271

As thus he ponders, he behind him spies
 His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries;
 A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chase,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass. 275

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain;
 Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft' endeavour'd to proclaim 280
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd 285
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,

Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
 Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling to the ground, 290
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
 His servants, with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes. 295
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name:
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone, 300
 Or only to have stood a looker-on:
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

The Birth of Bacchus.

ACTÆON'S suff'rings and Diana's rage 305
 Did all the thoughts of God and men engage:
 Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
 Others, again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose: 310
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produced on either side.
 Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed, 315
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And for her sake detested all her kind.
 Besides to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd, 320
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carried in her womb a future god.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

“ Are my reproaches of so small a force ?

325

“ ’Tis time I then pursue another course :

“ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,

“ If I’m indeed the mistress of the sky ;

“ If rightly styl’d among the pow’rs above

“ The wife and sister of the thund’ring Jove,

330

“ (And none can sure a sister’s right deny)

“ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.

“ She boasts an honour I can hardly claim ;

“ Pregnant she rises to a mother’s name ;

“ While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,

“ And shows the glorious tokens of his love ;

336

“ But if I’m still the mistress of the skies,

“ By her own lover the fond beauty dies.”

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,

Before the gates of Semle she stood.

340

Old Beroë’s decrepit shape she wears,

Her wrinkled visage and her hoary hairs,

Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,

And learns to tattle in the nurse’s tone.

The goddess, thus disguis’d in age, beguil’d

345

With pleasing stories her false foster-child.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came

To mention to the nymph her lover’s name,

Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,

“ ’Tis well,” said she, “ if all be true that’s said ;

350

“ But trust me, child, I’m much inclin’d to fear

“ Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.

“ Many an honest well-designing maid

“ Has been by these pretended gods betray’d ;

“ But if he be indeed the thund’ring Jove,

355

“ Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

“ Descend triumphant from th’ etherial sky,

“ In all the pomp of his divinity ;

“ Encompass’d round by those celestial charms

“ With which he fills th’ immortal Juno’s arms.”

360

Th’ unwary nymph, ensnar’d with what she said,

Desir’d of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would chuse ;

“ Fear not,” reply’d the god, “ that I’ll refuse

364

“Whate’er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice:

“Chuse what you will, and you shall have your
“choice.”

“Then,” says the nymph, “when next you seek my

“May you descend in those celestial charms [arms,

“With which your Juno’s bosom you inflame, 369

“And fill with transport heaven’s immortal dame.”

The god, surpris’d, would fain have stopt her voice;

But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds

His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,

Whilst all around, in terrible array,

375

His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play:

And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,

He set not out in all his pomp and state,

Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,

And arm’d with thunder of the smallest size;

380

Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain

Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain:

’Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;

They call it thunder of a second rate;

For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove’s command

385

Temper’d the bolt and turn’d it to his hand,

Work’d up less flame and fury in its make,

And quench’d it sooner in the standing lake,

Thus dreadfully adorn’d, with horror bright,

Th’ illustrious god, descending from his height,

390

Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage

The lightning’s flashes and the thunder’s rage,

Consum’d amidst the glories she desir’d,

And in the terrible embrace expir’d.

395

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,

Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;

And, if on ancient tales we may rely,

Inclos’d th’ abortive infant in his thigh:

Here when the babe had all his time fulfill’d,

400

Ino first took him for her foster child,

Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,

Nurs’d secretly with milk the thriving god.

The Transformation of Tiresias.

'TWAS now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth, 405
 When Jove dispos'd to lay aside the weight
 Of public empire and the cares of state;
 As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
 "In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd)
 "The sense of pleasure in the male is far 410
 "More dull and dead than what you females share."
 Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
 Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
 For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood, 415
 Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke;
 But after seven revolving years he view'd
 The self-same serpent in the self-same wood; 420
 "And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
 "That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 "Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
 Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New sex'd, and straight recover'd into man. 425
 Him therefore both the deities create,
 The sovereign umpire in their grand debate:
 And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groping round in sudden night: 430
 But Jove (for so it is in heav'n decreed,
 That no one god repeal another's deed)
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight,

The Transformation of Echo.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come, 436
 From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
 And first th' unerring prophet justify'd:

This nymph the god Cephifus had abus'd,
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
 Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

440

The tender dame, solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no,
 Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
 "If ere he knows himself, he surely dies."
 Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
 Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

445

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
 Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
 Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
 Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd:
 Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
 The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

550

455

Once in the woods as he pursu'd the chase,
 The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
 She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
 Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
 Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
 Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
 Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
 To sport with ev'ry sentence in the close.
 Full often, when the goddess might have caught
 Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
 This nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cry'd, "That tongue for this thy crime,
 "Which could so many subtle tales produce,
 "Shall he hereafter but of little use."

460

465

470

Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This lovesick virgin, overjoy'd to find
 The boy alone, still follow'd him behind,
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:

475

She can't begin, but waits for the rebound 480
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes, 485
Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
Till haras'd out, and worn away with care,
The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left:
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found 490
In vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry sound.

The Story of Narcissus.

THUS did the nymph in vain carefs the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy,
When one fair virgin of the slighted train 494
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain."

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud; 500
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,

Unfally'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grafs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place, 505

And overheated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies;

But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise;

For as his own bright image he survey'd, 510
He fell in love with the fantastic shade,

And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.

The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead and the sparkling eyes, 515

The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,

With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass :
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies, 520
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies :
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips ;
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue 525
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth ! this helpless passion move ?
 What kindled in thee this unpity'd love ?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes, 530
 Its empty being on thyself relies,
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food.
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd. 535
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain :
 " You trees !" says he, " and thou surrounding grove !
 " Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 " Tell me if e'er within your shades did lie 540
 " A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd, as I ?
 " I who before me see the charming fair,
 " Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there :
 " In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost,
 " And yet no bulwark'd town nor distant coast 545
 " Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 " No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between,
 " A shallow water hinders my embrace ;
 " And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 " That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join 550
 " My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 " Hear, gentle youth ! and pity my complaint,
 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant !
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd. 355
 " But why should I despair ? I'm sure he burns
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.

“ Whene’er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
 “ And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his :
 “ His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps, 560
 “ He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps :
 “ Whene’er I speak his moving lips appear
 “ To utter something which I cannot hear.
 “ Ah, wretched me ! I now begin too late
 “ To find out all the long-perplex’d deceit ; 565
 “ It is myself I love, myself I see ;
 “ The gay delusion is a part of me :
 “ I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 “ And my own beauties from the well return.
 “ Whom should I court ? how utter my complaint ?
 “ Enjoyment but produces my restraint, 571
 “ And too much plenty makes me die for want.
 “ How gladly would I from myself remove,
 “ And at a distance set the thing I love ;
 “ My breast is warm’d with such unusual fire, 575
 “ I wish him absent whom I most desire.
 “ And now I faint with grief ; my fate draws nigh ;
 “ In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 “ Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve :
 “ O might the visionary youth survive, 580
 “ I should with joy my latest breath resign,
 “ But, oh ! I see his fate involv’d in mine.”

This said, the weeping youth again return’d
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn’d ;
 His tears defac’d the surface of the well, 585
 With circle after circle as they fell :
 And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O’errun with wrinkles, and deform’d with tears :
 “ Ah ! whither,” cries Narcissus, “ dost thou fly !
 “ Let me still feed the flame by which I die : 590
 “ Let me still see, tho’ I’m no further blest ;”
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast ;
 His naked bosom redden’d with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun’s autumnal heats refine 595
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.

The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies :
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun,
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
 And none of those attractive charms remain
 To which the flighted Echo su'd in vain

600

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see ;
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan :
 " Ah ! youth belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries ;
 " Ah ! youth belov'd in vain," the nymph replies. 610
 " Farewel," says he : the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel :"
 Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till Death shut up those self-admiring eyes ;
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires. 615

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn :
 And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn,
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found 620
 A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The Story of Pentheus.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
 Thro' Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
 Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
 The cheated people and their eyeless guide ; 625
 To whom the prophet in his fury said,
 Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
 " 'Twere well, presumptuous man ! 'twere well for
 " If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me ; [thee
 " For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here, 630
 " When the young god's solemnities appear,
 " Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
 " Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
 " Shall strew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn.

“ Then, then, remember what I now foretel, 635
 “ And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.”
 Still Pentheus scorns him and derides his skill,
 But time did all the prophet’s threats fulfil:
 For now thro’ prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
 Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god, 640
 All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
 To mingle in the pomps and fill the train.
 When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express’d:
 “ What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess’d?
 “ Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout, 645
 “ And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
 “ Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
 “ Of womens’ yells those stubborn souls disarm,
 “ Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e’er could fright,
 “ Nor the loud din and horror of the fight? 650
 “ And you, our fires, who left your old abodes,
 “ And fix’d in foreign earth your country gods,
 “ Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 “ And poorly quit an undisputed field?
 “ But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire 655
 “ Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 “ Whom burnish’d arms and crested helmets grace,
 “ Not flow’ry garlands and a painted face,
 “ Remember him to whom you stand ally’d;
 “ The serpent for his well of waters dy’d: 660
 “ He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
 “ And gain a conquest o’er a feeble foe.
 “ If Thebes must fall, oh might the Fates afford
 “ A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
 “ Then might the Thebans perish with renown; 665
 “ But now a beardless victor sacks the town,
 “ Whom nor the prancing steed nor pond’rous shield,
 “ Nor the hack’d helmet nor the dusty field,
 “ But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 “ The purple vests and flow’ry garlands please. 670
 “ Stand then aside, I’ll make the counterfeit
 “ Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
 “ Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell’d
 “ This boasted pow’r; why then should Pentheus yield?

“ Go quickly, drag th’ audacious boy to me ;
 “ I’ll try the force of his divinity.” 676
 Thus did th’ audacious wretch those rites profane ;
 His friends dissuade the audacious wretch in vain ;
 In vain his grandfire urg’d him to give o’er
 His impious threats ; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide, 681
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide,
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear’d with blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ; 686
 The god they found not in the frantic throng,
 But dragg’d a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transformed to Dolphins.

HIM Pentheus view’d with ~~fury in his~~ look, 689
 And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he
 spoke :

“ Vile Slave ! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
 “ And terrify thy base seditious crew,
 “ Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
 “ And why thou join’st in these mad orgies tell.”

The captive views him with undaunted eyes, 695
 And arm’d with inward innocence, replies:

“ From high Meonia’s rocky shores I came,
 “ Of poor descent, Accetes is my name :
 “ My fire was meanly born ; no oxen plough’d
 “ His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d : 700
 “ His whole estate within the waters lay ;
 “ With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
 “ His art was all his livelihood, which he
 “ Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me ; 704
 “ In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance ;
 “ There swims,” said he, “ thy whole inheritance.
 “ Long did I live on this poor legacy,
 “ Till tir’d with rocks and my own native sky,
 “ To arts of navigation I inclin’d,
 “ Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind, 710

- " Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
 " The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
 " The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
 " With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
 " Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd 715
 " My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
 " Moor'd in a Chian creek : ashore I went,
 " And all the following night in Chios spent.
 " When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 " Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring, 720
 " Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd,
 " Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
 " Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
 " Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 " With more than female sweetness in his look, 725
 " Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took ;
 " With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 " And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 " I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 " Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
 " And saw divinity in all his face. 731
 " I know not who," said I, " this god should be,
 " But that he is a god I plainly see ;
 " And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
 " These men have us'd, and, oh, befriend our course !"
 " Pray not for us ;" the nimble Dictys cry'd, 735
 " Dictys, that could the maintop-mast bestride,
 " And down the ropes with active vigour slide :
 " To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 " Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke,
 " The same the pilot, and the same the rest ; 741
 " Such impious avarice their souls possess !
 " Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away
 " Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 " Said I, and stood to hinder their intent ; 745
 " When Lycabus, a wretch, for murder sent
 " From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
 " With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
 " Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.

- " His base confederates the fact approve, 750
 " When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
 " Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
 " And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd.
 " What means this noise?" he cries, " am I betray'd?
 " Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?" 755
 " Fear not," said Proteus, " child, but tell us where
 " You wish to land, and trust our friendly care."
 " To Naxos then direct your course," says he;
 " Naxos a hospitable port shall be
 " To each of you, a joyful home to me." 760
 " By ev'ry god that rules the sea or sky,
 " The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
 " And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 " With eager joy I launch into the deep,
 " And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand: 765
 " They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
 " And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 " To tack about, and steer another way.
 " Then let some other to my post succeed,
 Said I, " I'm guiltless of so foul a deed." 770
 " What," says Ethalion, " must the ship's whole crew
 " Follow your humour, and depend on you?"
 " And straight himself he seated at the prore,
 " And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
 " The beauteous youth now found himself be-
 " tray'd, 775
 " And from the deck the rising wave survey'd,
 " And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said,
 " And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
 " Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
 " Will such a multitude of men employ 780
 " Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?"
 " In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
 " The more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.
 " And now by all the gods in heav'n that hear
 " This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear, 785
 " The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 " Altho' it seems beyond belief, is true.

- " The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 " Unmov'd by all the beating billows, stood :
 " In vain the mariners would plough the main⁷ 790
 " With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;
 " Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
 " And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves ;
 " The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
 " And berries in the fruitful canvass seen ; 795
 " Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
 " Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
 " The god we now behold with open'd eyes ;
 " A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
 " In glaring forms ; the grapy clusters spread 800
 " On his fair brows, and dangle on his head ;
 " And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 " My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
 " Leap'd overboard. First perjur'd Madon found
 " Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround :
 " Ah ! what," cries one, " has thus transform'd thy
 " look ?" 806
 " Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke,
 " And now himself he views with like surprise,
 " Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies,
 " But as he plies each busy arm shrinks in, 810
 " And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 " Another, as he catches at a cord,
 " Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
 " With his broad fins and forkly tale he laves
 " The rising surge, and flounces in the waves. 815
 " Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ship,
 " Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 " And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
 " Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 " A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play ; 820
 " I only in my proper shape appear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
 " 'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more ;
 " With him I landed on the Chian shore,
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore. 825

"This forging slave," says Pentheus, "would
 "O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale; [prevail
 "Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 "And in the tortures of the rack expire."
 Th' officious servants hurry him away, 830
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
 But whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd!
 At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands. 835

The Death of Pentheus.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song;
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground, 840
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
 A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood; 845
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies:
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast, 850
 And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
 "The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 "And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
 Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round; 855
 He sees and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 "Help! help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
 "Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops 860
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view;

His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his pray'r,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair, 865
 "And this," she cry'd, "shall be Agave's share."
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey,
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay. 871
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain. 875
 By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The Thebans tremble, and confess the god. 877

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The Story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
 Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
 The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Nais nurs'd an infant heretofore, 5
 That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
 From both the illustrious authors of his race
 The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
 Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
 When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat, 10
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
 The pleasure lesson'd the attending toil.
 With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
 And fields that border on the Lycian coast; 15
 A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds, 20

But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race, 25
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the Main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train :
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
 " Fy ! Salmacis, what, always idle ? fy !
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize, 30
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease,
 But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide : 35
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
 And dress'd her image in the floating glass :
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her streams,
 And then by chance was gath'ring, as she stood 40
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
 Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair. 45
 " Bright youth !" she cries, " whom all thy features
 " A god, and, if a god, the god of Love ; [prove
 " But if a mortal, blest'd thy nurse's breast,
 " Blest'd are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;
 " But, oh, how blest'd, how more than blest'd thy bride !
 " Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd : 51
 " If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be ;
 " If not, behold a willing bride in me." [shame,
 The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with
 He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became; 55
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows ;
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss, 60
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
"You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll begone." 65
"Fair Stranger! then," says she, "it shall be so;"
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go:
But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er, 70
And innocently sports about the shore;
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his feet, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast; 75
His godlike features and his heav'nly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes, 80
She longs, she burns, to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide, 85
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass,
"He's mine, he's all my own!" the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies. 90
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clasp'd and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high, 95
In Eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

'The restless boy still obstinately strove
 To free himself, and still refus'd her love. 100
 Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
 "And why, coy youth!" she cries, "why thus unkind?
 "Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
 "Oh, may we never, never part again!"
 So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain; 105
 For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
 Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast,
 Till piercing each the other's flesh, they run
 Together, and incorporate in one:
 Last in one face are both their faces join'd, 110
 As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
 Both bodies in a single body mix,
 A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd 115
 The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
 Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
 "You parent gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
 "Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r; 120
 "Oh! grant that whomsoever these streams contain,
 "If man he enter'd, he may rise again
 "Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man!"

The heav'nly parents answer'd from on high
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary, 125
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good. 127

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

AUGUSTUS had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several Senators, on the project, Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles, 5
 And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
 Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move, 10
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd, 15
 He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
 Bright Pollux to the bless'd abodes ;
 Such did for great Alcides plead, 20
 And gain'd a place among the gods,
 Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
 His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
 And with immortal stains divinely glow. 25

By arts like these did young Lyæus rise,
 His tigers drew him to the skies ;
 Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
 In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
 In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ; 30
 He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
 When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high
 He shook off dull mortality,
 And lost the monarch in the god. 35
 Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
 And thus th' assembled deities bespoke. [felt

" 'Troy," said the goddess, " purjur'd Troy, has
 " The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
 " The tow'ring pile and soft abodes, 40
 " Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
 " Now spreads its ruins all around,
 " And lies inglorious on the ground ;
 " An umpire, partial and unjust,
 " And a lewd woman's impious lust, 45
 " Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

- “ Since false Laomedon’s tyrannic sway,
 “ That durst defraud th’ immortals of their pay,
 “ Her guardian gods renounc’d their patronage,
 “ Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ; 50
 “ To my resentment, and Minerva’s rage,
 “ The guilty king and the whole people fell.
 “ And now the long protracted wars are o’er,
 “ The soft adulterer shines no more ;
 “ No more does Hector’s force the Trojan’s shield, 55
 “ That drove whole armies back, and singly clear’d the
 “ My vengeance sated, I at length resign [field.
 “ To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :
 “ Advanc’d to godhead let him rise,
 “ And take his station in the skies, 60
 “ There entertain his ravish’d sight
 “ With scenes of glory, fields of light,
 “ Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
 “ And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
 “ The thin remains of Troy’s afflicted host 65
 “ In distant realms may seats unenvy’d find,
 “ And flourish on a foreign coast,
 “ But far be Rome from Troy disjoin’d,
 “ Remov’d by seas from the disastrous shore,
 “ May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
 “ number’d roar. 70
 “ Still let the curs’d detested place,
 “ Where Priam lies, and Priam’s faithless race,
 “ Be cover’d o’er with weeds, and hid in grass :
 “ There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
 “ Or, while the lonely shepherd sings, 75
 “ Amidst the mighty ruins play,
 “ And frisk upon the tombs of kings,
 “ May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
 “ Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find ;
 “ In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces, 80
 “ May th’ unmolested lions
 “ Her brinded whelps securely lay,
 “ Or, couch’d, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
 “ While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
 “ Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ; 85

" Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
 " Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
 " In vain the sea's intruding tide
 " Europe from Africa shall divide,
 " And part the fever'd world in two: 90
 " Thro' Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
 " And the long train of victories pursue
 " To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
 " Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
 " And look on gold with undesiring eyes, 95
 " Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
 " In search of the forbidden ore;
 " Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
 " Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
 " To the last bounds that Nature sets, 100
 " The piercing colds and sultry heats,
 " The godlike race shall spread their arms,
 " Now fill the Polar Circle with alarms,
 " Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine,
 " Now sweat for conquest underneath the Line. 105
 " This only law the victor shall restrain,
 " On these conditions shall he reign;
 " If none his guilty hand employ
 " To build again a second Troy,
 " If none the rash design pursue, 110
 " Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
 " A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
 " That shall the new foundations raze;
 " Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
 " To storm the rising town with fire. 115
 " And at their army's head myself will show
 " What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
 " Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
 " And line it round with walls of brass, [found,
 " Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works con-
 " And hew the shining fabric to the ground; 121
 " Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
 " And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn."
 But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light; 125

In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse ;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

129

A TRANSLATION OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
 And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage ;
 Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
 The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
 Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate : 5
 A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
 Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
 If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
 Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find, 10
 That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind,
 For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
 The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
 Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
 To trample under foot the springing flowers ; 15
 Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
 To spurn the dewdrops off, and bruise the rising grass ;
 Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
 Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow, harbour near ;
 They waste the swarms, and, as they fly along, 20
 Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
 And shallow rills run trickling thro' the grass ;
 Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
 Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below, 25
 That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
 The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
 Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
 And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs, 30
 Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,

That if rough storms or sudden blasts of wind
 Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
 Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
 And dry their reeking pinions at the sun. 35
 Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
 With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
 Let running betony the field o'erspread,
 And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive, 40
 A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
 For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
 And melted down with heat the waxen buildings drop.
 The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
 Their wax around the whistling crannies spread, 45
 And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs
 To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores :
 For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops
 Like pitch or birdlime hang in stringy ropes.
 They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell, 50
 And work in subterraneous caves their cell ;
 At other times th' industrious insects live
 In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
 And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd ; 55
 But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
 Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire,
 Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
 Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
 Nor echoing rocks the double voice rebound. 60
 Things thus prepar'd——

When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
 And summer here descends in streams of light,
 The bees thro' woods and forests take their flight ;
 They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim 65
 The crystal brook, and sip the running stream :
 And thus they feed their young with strange delight ;
 And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
 But when on high you see the bees repair,
 Borne on the wind thro' distant tracts of air, 70
 And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar,

While shady coverts and fresh steams they chuse,
 Milfoil and common honeyfuckles bruise,
 And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice ;
 On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
 And shake the cymbals of the goddess round ;
 Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
 The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

75

If once two rival kings their right debate,
 And factions and cabals embroil the state,
 The people's actions will their thoughts declare ;
 All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war ;
 Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
 Run thro' the hive, and call them to their arms ;
 All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
 And fit their claws, and point their angry stings ;
 In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
 And boldly challenge out the foe to fight !

80

85

At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
 They rush together out, and join ; the air
 Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
 All in a firm round clustre mix, and strow
 With heaps of little corps the earth below
 As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
 Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.

90

95

No sense of danger can their kings control,
 Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul ;
 Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
 Till shameful flight secures the routed foe :
 This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray,
 A little dust flung upward will allay.

100

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
 Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
 Idle at home in ease and luxury,
 The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die ;
 So let the royal insect rule alone,
 And reign without a rival in his throne.

105

The kings are diff'rent ; one of better note,
 All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
 Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat ;

110

But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
 That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
 The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
 Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
 Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth, 115
 Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
 Grows dry with heat, and spits a mankish froth.
 The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
 Pure luscious sweets that, mingling in the glass, 120
 Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
 And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuse:
 But when they sport abroad and rove from home,
 And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb,
 Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd; 125
 Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
 No bold usurper dares invade their right,
 Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
 Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
 And gardens all perfum'd with native smells, 130
 Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
 The robber's terror, and the scarecrow god.
 Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
 Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil;
 Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth, 135
 But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
 And striking sail, and making to the shore,
 I'd shew what art the gard'ner's toils require,
 Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a-year, 140
 What streams the verdant succory supply,
 And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
 What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
 And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted
 Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er, [grass;
 Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the shore; 146
 Nor daffodils, that late from earth's flow womb
 Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow
 For once I saw in the Tarentine vale, [bloom.
 Where slow Galeus drencht the washy soil, 150

An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
 A few neglected acres to his lot,
 Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
 Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield,
 But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found, 155
 Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
 And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
 Bless'd with these riches he could empires flight,
 And when he rested from his toils at nigh,
 The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford; 160
 And his own garden furnish out his board.
 The Spring did first his opening roses blow,
 First rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful bough:
 When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
 And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run, 165
 He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
 Chide the late spring and ling'ring western breeze;
 His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
 Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd; 170
 Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard dress'd,
 As many blossoms as the spring could show,
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
 In rows his elms and knotted pear-trees bloom,
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum, 175
 And spreading plane trees, where, supinely laid,
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade:
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare, 180
 Which Jove himself did on the bees confer:
 Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
 Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
 And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air 185
 These only make their young the public care;
 In well-dispos'd societies they live,
 And laws and statutes regulate their hive,
 Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
 But know set stations, and a fix'd abode: 190

Each, provident of cold, in summer flies
 Thro' fields and woods, to seek for new supplies,
 And in the common stock unloads his thighs.
 Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
 Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry ; 195
 Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
 Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
 For the first groundwork of the golden comb ;
 On this they found their waxen works, and raise
 The yellow fabric on its glewy base. 200
 Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
 With vital warmth, and future nations breed ;
 Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
 And into purest honey work the juice,
 Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell 205
 With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
 By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
 Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies,
 To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests
 rise!

By turns they ease the loaded swarms, or drive 210
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive ;
 The work is warmly ply'd thro' all the cells,
 And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
 And all th' unshapen thunder bolt complete : 216
 Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball ;
 With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mass ; 220
 Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
 And Ætna shakes all o'er and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
 The busy swarms their different labours share ;
 Desire of profit urges all degrees ; 225
 The aged insects, by experience wise,
 Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
 And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:

The young at night, returning from their toils, 229
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows'
On lavender and saffron buds they feed, [spoils :
On bending osiers and the balmy reed ;
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest : 235

The morning still renews their labours past ;
Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew.
Again, when ev'ning warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come, 240
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum :
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky, 246
But make small journies with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring ;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast, 250
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps the unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most,
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve, 255
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all along virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain :
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny ; 260
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journies, as they fly, 265
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Gro'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.

Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
 And in a fly such gen'rous thoughts inspire.
 Yet by re-peopling their decaying state, 270
 Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,
 Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
 And in an endless race their children's children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the east can more
 With slavish fear his mighty prince adore; 275
 His life unites them all; but when he dies,
 All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
 They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
 And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
 Him all admire, all the great guardian own, 280
 And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
 Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
 Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
 Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught 285
 "The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
 "The universe alive; and that a soul
 "Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
 "To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
 "And ran thro' earth, and air, and sea, and all the
 deep of heaven; 290
 "That this first kindled life in men and beast,
 "Life that again flows into this at last;
 "That no compounded animal could die,
 "But when dissolv'd the spirit mounted high,
 "Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky." 295

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin, 300
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
 Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,
 And once when, hast'ning from the wat'ry sign,
 They quit their station, and forbear to shine. 305

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound:
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive, 310
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away; 315
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils;
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms; 320
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen, 325
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door, 330
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees, 335
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat, 340
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime:
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and centaury, join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pfythian vine. 345

Besides, there grows a flower in marshy ground,
 Its name Amellus, easy to be found ;
 A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
 The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves ;
 The flow'r itself is of a golden hue, 350
 The leaves inclining to a darker blue ;
 The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
 Into a bush, and shade the turf below ;
 The plant in holy garlands often twines
 The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines ; 355
 Its taste is sharp ; in vales new-shorn it grows,
 Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows ;
 Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
 In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive, 360
 To raise new people and recruit the hive,
 I'll here the great experiment declare
 That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far,
 How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
 And swarms amidst the red corruption bred. 365

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
 Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
 Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indian's soil,
 Till into seven it multiplies its stream, 370
 And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime,
 In this last practice all their hope remains,
 And long experience justifies their pains.

First, then, a close contracted space of ground,
 With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found :
 A narrow shelving light is next assign'd 376
 To all the quarters, one to ev'ry wind ;
 Thro' these the glancing rays obliquely pierce ;
 Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
 When two year's growth of horn he proudly shows,
 And shakes the comely terrors of his brows : 381
 His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
 They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
 With violence to life and stifling pain
 He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain ; 385

Loud heavy blows fall thick on every side,
 Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
 When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
 With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
 All this is done when first the western breeze 390
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas,
 Before the chatt'ring swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in Spring's embroidery are drest.
 Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works : and now are seen 395
 A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcase crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
 No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain ;
 Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
 To lift its body up, and learns to rise ; 401
 Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the bee at length appears :
 From every side the fruitful carcase pours
 Its swarming brood as thick as summer-showers, 405
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
 Thus have I sung the nature of the bee,
 While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,
 The frightened Indians with his thunder aw'd, 410
 And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god :
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease :
 I, who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
 And set my Tityrus beneath his shade. 416

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,
 IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE
 THIRD ÆNEID.

LONG in the gloomy horrors of the night
 We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
 Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
 That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,

Vast show'rs of ashes hov'ring in the smoke; 5
 Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
 Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
 Or flings a broken rock aloft in air:
 The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
 In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke. 10

'Tis said that thunderstruck Enceladus,
 Grovelling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
 Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames,
 And when he heaves against the burning load,
 Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs, 15
 A sudden earthquake shoots thro' all the isle,
 And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
 Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
 And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd, 20
 And frighted, heard strange howls and dismal yells,
 Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
 A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
 Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
 Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray, 25
 And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
 With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
 From earth and heav'n; all Nature stood disclos'd;
 When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
 The ghastly visage of a man unknown, 30
 An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
 Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
 Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
 With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
 His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard 35
 Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
 Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
 Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd;
 But soon recov'ring speed, he ran, he flew 40
 Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
 Our ears assail'd: "By Heaven's eternal fires,
 "By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
 "By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,

“ And bear me hence to any distant shore,
 “ So I may shun this savage race accurst.
 “ ’Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
 “ With sword and fire o’erturn’d Neptunian Troy,
 “ And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
 “ For which, if so the sad offence deserves, 50
 “ Plung’d in the deep for ever let me lie
 “ Whelm’d under seas; if death must be my doom,
 “ Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas’d.”

He ended here, and now, profuse of tears,
 In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet: 55
 We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
 And how by stress of Fortune sunk thus low.
 Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild,
 Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
 When, thus encourag’d, he began his tale. 60

“ I’m one,” says he, “ of poor descent, my name
 “ Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
 “ Ulysses’ sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
 “ The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
 “ Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave 65
 “ He left me, Giant Polypheme’s dark cave;
 “ A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
 “ On all sides furr’d with mouldy damps, and hung
 “ With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
 “ His dire repast; himself of mighty size, 70
 “ Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
 “ Intractable, that riots on the flesh
 “ Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
 “ Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
 “ Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man; 75
 “ I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
 “ He dash’d and broke them on the grundfil edge;
 “ The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
 “ Were spatter’d o’er with brains: he lapp’d the blood,
 “ And chew’d the tender flesh still warm with life, 80
 “ That swell’d and heay’d itself amidst his teeth
 “ As sensible of pain. Not less, mean-while,
 “ Our chief incens’d and studious of revenge,
 “ Plots his destruction, which he thus effects;

“ The giant, gorg’d with flesh, and wine, and blood,
 “ Lay stretch’d at length and snoring in his den, 86
 “ Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o’ercharg’d
 “ With purple wine and cruddled gore confus’d:
 “ We gather’d round, and to his single eye,
 “ The single eye that in his forehead glar’d 90
 “ Like a full moon, or a broad burnish’d shield,
 “ A forky staff we dext’rously apply’d,
 “ Which in the spacious socket turning round,
 “ Scoop’d out the big round gelly from its orb.
 “ But let me not thus interpose delays: 95
 “ Fly, mortals! fly this curs’d detested race;
 “ A hundred of the same stupendous size,
 “ A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
 “ Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
 “ With horrid strides o’er the high mountains’ tops,
 “ Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard 101
 “ Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they past,
 “ Sculking and scow’ring down, half dead with fear.
 “ Thrice has the moon wash’d all her orb in light,
 “ Thrice travell’d o’er, in her obscure sojourn, 105
 “ The realms of Night inglorious, since I’ve liv’d
 “ Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
 “ A wretched sustenance.” As thus he spoke,
 We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
 Blind Polypheme: by weary steps and slow 110
 The groping giant with a trunk of pine
 Explor’d his way; around his woolly flocks
 Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
 He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
 A hideous monster, terrible, deform’d; 115
 Full in the midst of his high front there gap’d
 The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll’d,
 A ghastly orifice? he rins’d the wound,
 And wash’d away the strings and clotted blood
 That cak’d within; then stalking thro’ the deep, 120
 He fords the ocean, while the topmast wave
 Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
 Amaz’d be sure; a sudden horror chill
 Ran thro’ each nerve, and thrill’d in ev’ry vein,

Till using all the force of winds and oars
 We sped away : he heard us in our course,
 And with his outstretch'd arms around him grop'd;
 But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
 Such hideous shouts, that all the ocean shook;
 E'en Italy, tho' many a league remote,
 In distant echoes answer'd : *Ætna* roar'd,
 Thro' all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

130

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
 Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore.
 And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
 A dire assembly! we with eager haste
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
 A host of giants covering all the shore.

135

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
 Advanc'd to mighty growth; the traveller
 Hears from the humble valley where he rides
 The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
 Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
 A stately prospect waving in the clouds.

140

145



ODES.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY DANIEL PURCELL.

Performed at Oxford, 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd strain, my muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose,
The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song, 5
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her strings be mute,
While the sharp sound and shriller lay 10
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Softened and mellow'd by the flute.
* "The flute that sweetly can complain,
" Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
" Panting sympathy impart, 15
" Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next, let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all heav'n before our eyes: 20
" Such as may lift us to the skies;
" So far at least till they
" Descend with kind surprise,
" And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing sound 25
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound:
The soul o'erpowering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,

* The four last lines of the second and third stanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

A streak of lightning clears the day,
And flashes on the sight.

30

Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all th' concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.

35

With ravish'd soul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;

45

Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a saint.

50

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling strings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferments rises high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

55

60

AN ODE.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

5

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

10

15

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though, no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found,
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

20

24

AN ODE.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

5

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please;

10

The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

15

V.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

20

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

25

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

30

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

35

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

40

HYMNS.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear.
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleating mazes of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

30

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

35

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

40

XI.

Thro' every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

45

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 For, Oh! eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

50

52

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face;
 O how shall I appear.

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,

5

My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

10

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

15

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

20

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure.
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

24

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

5

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

10

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

15

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and harbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around,

20

24

 THE PLAY-HOUSE.*

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels
 glides,
 And England's proud metropolis divides ;
 A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
 And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade ;
 Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprise,
 And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.

5

Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
 And keeps his mercenary kings in pay ;
 With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
 And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens :
 Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres grac'd,
 Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast ;
 And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
 Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

10

But enter in, my muse, the stage survey,
 And all its pomp and pageantry display :
 Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
 And magic walls encompass it around :
 On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
 And intermixt with brothel houses rise ;

15

20

* See Sedley's Miscellanies, 8vo. p. 202.

Disjointed palaces in order stand,
And groves, obedient to the mover's hand,
O'ershade the stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire :
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre, 25
He saw the spacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.
But next the tiring room survey, and see
False titles, and promiscuous quality,
Confus'dly swarms, from heroes and from queens, 30
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they choose with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part :
Swoln cheeks and swagging belly makes an host,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost ; 35
From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes,
Dull cits and thick scull'd aldermen arise ;
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applause :
The whining dame continues as before, 40
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks :
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace,
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace : 45
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood the unpointed weapon tie :
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol stone.
His royal consort next consults her glass, 50
And out of twenty boxes culls a face ;
The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan the unfinish'd form appears ;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modesty bestows. 55
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes ;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds ; 60

Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms
With looks not her's; and spite of nature, charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.

The prince then enters on the stage in state: 65

Behind a guard of candle-snuffers wait:

There, swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse:

His subjects tremble; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit; 70

Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state:

Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns. 76

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays:

The callow squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paint and washes dies. 80

But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.

The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before: 85
So the fam'd spear for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the stage,
Where one for twenty years has given alarms, 90
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important post,

And rises every other night a ghost;
Through the cleft stage, his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears; 95
Others, with swords and shields, the foldier's pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,
And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.

Thus several persons several parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm. 100

The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
 Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
 Then honours vanish and distinctions cease;
 Then with reluctance haughty queens undress,
 Heroes no more their fading laurels boast, 105
 And mighty kings in private men are lost.
 He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
 To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations bow'd,
 Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
 And in his own vile tatters stinks again. 110

ON THE
 LADY MANCHESTER,

Written on the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Kat Club.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
 O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there
 In native charms, divinely fair;
 Confusion in their looks they show'd;
 And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd. 6



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